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PAUPERISM.*

THE inequalities of human condition; its sudden and extreme reverses; its miseries of entailed disease, and propensity, and malformation, passing down from one generation to another, until the family and the evil have worn each other out, and disappeared in the great sea of existence; the tendency of the human mind and body to a sloth, which no stimulus of shame, or hunger, or cold can overcome; the vices that degrade and brutalize the spirit into ferocity, and the misfortunes that stun it into despair; the pressure of this political institution, the too great license tolerated by that; the whole state of the social world, and the impossibility of rendering it a perfect machine; these are some of the sources from which flow the evils included under the category of PAUPERISM. To think over the great mass of suffering and degradation wrapped up in that one word, were a sickening, and perhaps useless task. But to observe and modify those institutions intended for its prevention, is not only less painful, but of a more obvious utility.

There is an ethical question that lies at the bottom of this subject, a clear apprehension of which would aid the legislator or philanthropist even in the practical arrangements of a Poor Law Administration. It is, whether the state is under any moral obligation to support those who cannot support themselves? Undoubtedly it is; and this obligation seems to be a necessary result of the institution of property. The Spartans, that people of antiquity, whose polity was as simple as the social state can ever be, and who were peculiar in their total denial of this obligation, did not recognise the existence of any individuals who were not capable of being directly and practically useful to the state, as well as to themselves.

* "Report from his Majesty's Commissioners for inquiring into the administration and practical operation of the POOR LAWS."—*London*.

But this was only a sort of robber community, based on the law of the strongest ; for none were allowed a share in the common inheritance save those who came up to a certain standard of strength and activity. A Christian community will never look upon the disabled and the insane in any other light than as sharers of right, in the common inheritance of whatsoever the Creator has seen fit to bestow ; yet, inasmuch as such a community finds itself based on the institution of property, it will rigorously inquire into the fitness and right of that institution, and as vigorously defend it, if it shall be found just and reasonable. It has ever been so regarded by the common sense of mankind ; and all of human learning and benevolence that have ever been brought to bear upon the subject has concurred in the opinion. Still, the institution of property causes some to possess in abundance, while others pine in want ; at the same time, the food, the clothing, the appurtenances which the rich man stores up in his superfluity, belong as much, before the institution of property, to the destitute as to him. Is it not right, then, that the state—that entity which is erected as the warranter and defender of property, which secures to every man the exclusive right he now has to whatever he acquires, and by so doing becomes the very origin of the difference which subsists in the condition of men—is it not right that the state should repair these necessary partial evils, by furnishing food and clothing to those who are absolutely unable to procure them for themselves ? But here is the limit of the obligation ; for as soon as the able-bodied are included within the pale of relief, that moment the disability, which is the only foundation of claim, is wanting to complete the obligation. Indeed, it cannot begin to be stringent until disability, either confirmed or arising from a temporary cause, shall appear. And as this is the limit of the obligation, so too it will, in a practical view of the subject, point to the limits beyond which a wise system of Poor Laws will not extend relief ; for it is obvious that all relief beyond these limits can operate only as a bounty upon Pauperism, which is an evil to the individual still more than to the state.

The nations of modern times needed not to have tried the experiment of a ruinous Poor Law system, in order to be convinced that there can be absolutely no end to the demands of Pauperism, if relief is dealt out without discrimination to those who will not, as well as to those who cannot work. They might have looked into the pages of history, and heard the Roman mob clamouring for "Bread and the Circus," in the same breath, and with equal reason. It was no more a thing of absolute necessity that they should be furnished with the first, than with the last. It was, in both cases, the necessity that is created by indulgence. Had the custom never

commenced, under which grain was sometimes provided for the poor by the great, and oftener by the state, there never would have been such a body of poor to need it. They would have found the means of earning their own bread, and also of bringing it from abroad. "Necessity is the mother of invention," as well with masses of men as with individuals; and the pavements of more than one Appian Way might have testified to the world what an incredible amount of labour lies in the sinews of a refuse population, if legislators will but turn it to account. But the indulgence created the necessity for relief; that necessity went on increasing from generation to generation; and when that hoarse, hungry cry went up to the ears of the rulers of the great city, they were forced to throw open its granaries, or be content to see its palaces levelled by the rapacious hands of its own encouraged beggars. In later times, the means of obtaining supplies of grain were as much a matter of state policy and solicitude as to keep the Germans beyond the Danube. Unadvised by this wonderful example, England has entailed upon itself a system of almost indiscriminate relief, which it must either throw off, and which it is now endeavouring to throw off, for the adoption of a rigorous system on which an unyielding stand must be taken, or be content to see the very vitals of the commonwealth slowly but surely exhausted. In different parts of that country the poor rates have actually eaten up the land; and all over the kingdom they operate to the great depression of real estate. The abolition of the monasteries under Henry VIII. threw upon the country a vast body of poor persons, who had subsisted on the bounty of the monks: the legislature, in providing for these, commenced that system of Poor Laws which come at last to be an intolerable evil. Its bad features have been, furnishing Out-door Relief, and furnishing it to the able-bodied. We have been following in the same steps; our system is nearly the same with the English. Let us take warning by their example. Some discussion of the operation of the English system, in points where it resembles our own, and the results of English experience, may not be wholly without profit. English experience is not only useful to us, because of the similarity of our systems, of the general condition of agriculture, manufactures, and the trades in the two countries, but because Pauperism is one of those evils which, the more intensely and extensively they exist in any country, the more full and instructive the experience of that country will be on the general subject.

I. Out-door Relief.—This has been the great source of abuse and imposition under which the administration of the Poor Laws in England has always laboured. It is, or was the custom, for a magistrate to grant an order, at the application of the pauper, on the

overseers of the poor, for the payment of a specific weekly sum, the amount of which lies wholly within such magistrate's discretion. The pauper is not required to receive relief in kind, or to go to the work-house, or to incur any obligation to refund; but he receives the relief in money, and goes his way. The natural result is, that a great deal of this money never reaches its legitimate destination, as relief to the suffering family of the poor man, but finds its way to the gin shops. In many parishes £30 out of every £100 went in this way. Now this is an abuse which cannot be avoided; for it would require a body of officers as large almost as the body of paupers themselves, to look after the merits of each individual, to separate good cases from bad, and to see that those which are good and meritorious to-day do not become bad and undeserving to-morrow. But independent of this uncertainty, this system of Outdoor Relief necessarily involves an element of indefinite extension. If A., when idle, intemperate, or otherwise vicious, can extort parochial relief by marrying and becoming a father, what shall prevent B. and C. from following so comfortable an example? and so on through the alphabet, over and over again. Nay, is not this very possibility the most efficient bounty that could be devised? What is there to make it, in effect, any thing but a direct appeal to the idleness, sensuality, and love of ease, which are the marked traits among all that class on whom it operates? No reliance whatsoever, under such a system, is to be placed on the stimulations of *pride*, as a means of deterring the pauper from making the necessary application. For, in the first place, the fact that there is a fund, a public fund, out of which he can, on demand, receive a weekly stipend, and that, under existing laws, the magistrate must pay it to him, makes the pauper look upon it as his right; and therefore he is entirely relieved of all the humiliation which would naturally attach to such a condition. Indeed, the question of dignity is never stirred, it is not reached, under such a state of things. It is simply a question of more or less, of loss or gain; a question between obtaining the means of support, and perhaps of vicious indulgence, with labour or without it; and any man, on the principles and reasonings which ordinarily actuate this class of human beings, would be considered among themselves a perfect dolt, not to avail himself of the relief without troubling his *pride* with any irrelevant questions on the subject. Here is a strong case, for it is that of a female.

"Not long since, a very young woman, a widow, named Cope, applied for relief. She had only one child. After she had obtained relief, I had some suspicion that there was something about this young woman not like many others. I spoke to her, and pressed her to tell me the truth as to how so decent a young woman as herself came to ask us for relief. She replied that she was 'gored' into it. I asked her what she meant by being gored into it. She stated, that where she was

living there were only five cottages, and that the inhabitants of four out of five of these cottages were receiving relief—two from St. Saviour's and two from Newington parish. They had told her *that she was not worthy of living in the same place unless she obtained relief too.*"

The system of Out-door Relief may, and, doubtless, often does, have an injurious operation upon the motives of those who administer it. When you come to subdivide a whole country, for instance, into towns and parishes, it is obvious that the petty details of municipal affairs must often be entrusted to men, who, whatever be their station and intelligence, may be so situated as to wish to stand well with the lower orders of society. They may be inclined to relax the strict rules of what is expedient and wise, and to be more charitable with the public money than they would probably be with their own. Now it so happens, that the subject of Pauper administration requires a most strict adherence to an enlightened and benevolent expediency; and the least departure from such a course is sure to let in enormous abuses and evils. It is the ravenous demands of vice, sloth, and every sensual in almost the entire absence of every moral trait, against which the legislator or the parish officer has to take his stand; and he has to take it, too, when the best and kindest feelings of his nature are appealed to by suffering and misfortune, at the same time with the hungry assailants of impudent and unblushing vice.

Now, the whole plan of Out-door Relief may be done away with, and must be, before a pauper administration can be brought within the limits of prudence and safety. In the first place, as a matter of abstract right, no able-bodied individual ought to be suffered to demand an entire or partial support from the public without making a return, by giving up his time and labour to be disposed of at the discretion of the public, for as long as he does not earn an independent subsistence elsewhere. But under a system of Out-door Relief, the individual is left entirely at his own disposal; and for all that the public or its officers are bound to know of him, he may be receiving relief from more than one source, labouring or not, as he pleases; and more or less completely supporting himself, if he does labour, in addition to the relief he receives. Now, we say that the pauper receiving relief ought not to be so left; although we are aware that we shall be met with the question—Is poverty a crime, that men are to be incarcerated for, and deprived of their liberty, and placed at the disposal of the public like so many cattle? We answer, that poverty, or more strictly speaking, destitution, is no *crime*. But it is a *misfortune*: and if, in order to cure that misfortune, the public advances relief, and the individual surrenders his liberty, he does it for a compensation; in which his case does not differ from that of every man in the community, who is not abso-

lutely and entirely idle. The labourer who saws my wood, surrenders his liberty to me for a compensation; the lawyer who argues my cause, the clergyman who preaches to me, the merchant who buys goods for me, all surrender their liberty for a compensation. They cannot go whither they will; they cannot lie down idly in the sunshine, and fold their hands with the sluggard, for they want the compensation, and I want their services; and therefore they must surrender their liberty, in order to supply their own wants. The pauper who is compelled to go into the work-house does the same thing, and receives the compensation in his support; and every principle of plain dealing known among men points to this as the true solution of the difficulty that would seem to be raised, when we speak of depriving men of their liberty because they are destitute. Besides, if Out-door Relief were entirely abolished, a large class of paupers would be driven to support themselves; and where this can be done there can be no pretence of claim on the public. Thus, all those abundant sources of imposition, idleness, intemperance, and confirmed habits of vagrancy, which are now beyond the reach, and almost beyond the official view of public officers, would be swept away at once. Yet there are cases, it will be said, in which Out-door Relief seems to be absolutely necessary. We will proceed to consider these, in considering some objections that may be urged to the exclusive system of In-door Relief, which we shall presently discuss.

There is a class of widows who may be more or less able to support themselves and their children; and there are very aged and infirm persons, wholly unable to earn a subsistence. There may be, too, among such persons, a degree of respectability and virtue, which would be seriously and violently wounded by the degradation of a work-house. By the aid of a small allowance from their town or parish, they are enabled still to preserve that independence; which consists in having a corner of one's own, with all the good moral influences and salutary feelings to be derived from it, without being huddled into a public establishment, in contact with all sorts of vice and degradation. What is to be done with such persons? We admit that such cases exist, and that they are to be considered. But we have laid it down as a principle from which we think there ought to be no departure, that in every instance in which the person relieved is physically able, he ought to be held to make return to the public for the aid which he receives; and the reason is, because this is the only way in which the public can protect itself from imposition. If this is a sound principle, then there will be left none but the impotent, about whom there can be any question, as to whether they ought to be compelled to go into a pub-

lic work-house, instead of remaining where they may chance to be in the community. And to this we should say, that whatever of individual comfort or feeling may be sacrificed on the event of such a compulsion, ought to be so sacrificed for the sake of the general good resulting from the rule. But if, in any cases, this sacrifice should be too great, then let the individual be left to the aid of kindred or of private charity. There is no fear that private charity will not do what may be needful, or that it is too precarious a source on which to be left dependent. Hundreds, nay, thousands, live as do the fowls of the air, and without any recognised means of subsistence; and yet they are fed and clothed. In all cities and large towns, the amount given away annually in private charity is probably double, if not treble, that paid by public authority in the relief of Out-door poor. Nor can there be any doubt, that the resources and the benevolence of such places are fully adequate to the additional charge of those few paupers, who would refuse to go into a work-house, in the event of a law requiring them so to do. In the town of Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, for instance, there was paid in the year 1834, for the relief of Out-door poor, \$1,073 00. Were the plan of giving such relief from the town treasury abolished, this sum would nearly all be saved to the town; and the individuals who received it would have earned their own support, or would, where absolutely impotent, have been sustained by private charity. But the same reasoning will not apply to small agricultural towns, where the population is scattered over an extended area of eight or ten miles square, besides being far from rich; and for this reason, it would be a measure savouring of something very like cruelty, to abolish all pauper laws, as we have heard suggested. There is, doubtless, a class of persons who *must* be relieved by somebody; and if they receive the public charity, the public can do no less, and certainly ought to do no more, than to protect itself, by requiring them to receive its aid in an establishment under its own control.

We have said something concerning the operation of a system of Out-door Relief upon the public interest; and, certainly, its operation upon the individuals relieved is no less mischievous. The result of English experience has been—and those who have been conversant with Pauperism in our own cities and large towns have doubtless learned—that these persons value public support as their privilege, and look upon it as their right; that they thus become hardened to their own degradation; that, as subsistence does not with them depend upon exertion, the idea of labour is never associated with reward, which are the natural seed and fruit of each other. But this is not all.

"The worst results, however, are still to be mentioned. In all ranks of society the great sources of happiness and virtue are the domestic affections; and this is particularly the case among those who have so few resources as the labouring classes. Now, pauperism seems to be an engine for the purpose of disconnecting each member of a family from all the others; of reducing all to the state of domesticated animals; fed, lodged, and provided by the parish, without mutual dependence or mutual interest. The effect of allowance is to weaken, if not to destroy, all the ties of affection between parent and child. Whenever a lad comes to earn wages, or to receive parish relief on his own account, although he may continue to lodge with his parents, he does not throw his money into a common purse, and board with them, but buys his own loaf and piece of bacon, which he devours alone. The most disgraceful quarrels arise, from mutual accusations of theft; and as the child knows that he has been nurtured at the expense of the parish, he has no filial attachment to his parents. The circumstances of the pauper stand in an inverted relation to those of every rank in society. Instead of a family being a source of care, anxiety, and expense, for which he hopes to be rewarded by the filial return of assistance and support when they grow up, there is no period in his life in which he tastes less of solicitude, or in which he has the means of obtaining the necessities of life in greater abundance; but as he is always sure of maintenance, it is in general the practice to enjoy life when he can, and take no thought for the morrow. Those parents who are thoroughly degraded and demoralized by the effects of 'allowance,' not only take no means to train up their children to habits of industry, but do their utmost to prevent their obtaining employment, lest it should come to the knowledge of the parish officers, and be laid hold of for the purpose of taking away the allowance. * * * * *

A widow with two children had been in the receipt of 3s. a week from the parish; she was enabled by this allowance and her own earnings to live very comfortably. She married a butcher; the allowance was continued; but the butcher and his bride came to the overseer, and said, 'They were not going to keep those children for 3s. a week; and that, if a further allowance was not made, *they should turn them out of doors, and throw them on the parish altogether.*' * * * *

'Those whose minds,' say Messrs. Wrottesley and Cameron, 'have been moulded by the operation of the Poor Laws, appear not to have the slightest scruple in asking to be paid for the performance of those domestic duties, which the most brutal savages are in general willing to render gratuitously to their own kindred.' * * * * *

A person must converse with paupers; must enter work-houses and examine the inmates; must attend at the parish pay-table, before he can form a just conception of the moral debasement which is the offspring of the present system. He must hear the pauper threaten to abandon his wife and family unless more money is allowed him; threaten to abandon an aged, bed-ridden mother; to turn her out of his house and lay her down at the overseer's door, unless he is paid for giving her shelter; he must hear parents threatening to follow the same course with regard to their sick children; he must see mothers coming to receive the reward of their daughter's ignominy; and witness women in cottages quietly pointing out, without even the question being asked, which are their children by their husband, and which by other men previous to marriage; and when he finds that he can scarcely step into a town or parish in any county without meeting with some instance or other of this character, he will no longer consider the pecuniary pressure on the rate-payer as the first in the class of evils which the Poor Laws have entailed upon the community."--(*Report of Commissioners.*)

We present these facts as showing a state of society that actually results from the operation of existing laws. We have no such state of society, as yet, in this country, but we have unquestionably sown the seeds for it; and when pauperism has become as intense in this country as it is in England, we shall see precisely the same results, unless we shall have changed our Poor Laws in more than one of their features.

II. In-door Relief.—From this brief and imperfect discussion of so important a branch of the subject, we pass to the consideration of that exclusive system of In-door Relief, or the work-house system,

which constitutes the prominent feature of the change that has been introduced in England, and which must finally be adopted in this country. While it is admitted that in all communities, especially commercial and manufacturing, circumstances will occur in which an individual, though able-bodied, may, by the sudden failure of his means of subsistence, be reduced to absolute want; it is to be borne in mind that the provision for relief ought never to be applied to more than the relief of *Indigence*, that is, the state of a person absolutely unable to labour, or unable to obtain, in return for his labour, the means of subsistence; and that it can never be expedient or wise, nor is it a duty, to extend this provision to the relief of mere *POVERTY*, that is, the state of a person who is forced to labour in order to live.* Keeping this principle in view, we shall see that the only sound and safe basis of a poor-law administration is, to take no notice of any other than the first of these two classes of persons; and that, in order to prevent those of the second class from relapsing into the state of those of the first, as well as for other reasons, the public has a right to impose such conditions on the person relieved as will effect this object, and all others that it may be desirable to accomplish. Now there is no other means by which Pauperism and its claims can be checked, than to render the condition of the pauper, while receiving relief, materially lower in point of dignity, (if such a word can be used in this connexion) comfort, and ease, than that of the independent labourer of the lowest class. The reason of this is obvious; and it is one of the indispensable conditions on which society has a right to insist, and must insist, if it would protect itself. It is also the chief element of a good work-house system; and it points out what ought to be the character of the general internal arrangements of such establishments. There ought, of course, to be in them nothing that shall indicate a better condition than is to be found in the humblest abodes of labour. The standard ought to be the condition of those who maintain themselves by *severe* labour; and the inmates of the work-house ought always to be kept below this standard. The wages given, or the weekly allowance to those who are able and are required to work (and all must be required except the absolutely

* It is a curious illustration of how very little attention has hitherto been given to the subjects of Pauperism and Poverty, that there is no word which accurately expresses that condition which the writer has, following the example of the English Report, endeavoured to represent by the word *Indigence*: namely, the state of absolute destitution both of means and the ability to acquire means. Cicero, indeed, has, in his *Tusculan Questions*, defined *Indigentia* as *Libido inexplebilis*—a craving not capable of being satisfied. But the general force of the words *Indigens* and *Egens* is not stronger than that of *Pauper*. The difference of meaning which the writer has given to the terms *Indigence* and *Poverty*, he believes is quite arbitrary; but this exercise of discretion seemed to be called for by the indefiniteness of language in regard to this subject.

impotent) ought to be a little lower than the same persons could obtain for the same descriptions of work in the community generally. Indeed, any better state of things is only offering a bounty upon Pauperism; and this bounty, in one shape or another, has been offered by civilized states ever since poor-laws began to be heard of, to the amount of many millions.

"Although," say the English Commissioners, "the work-house food be more ample in quantity and better in quality than that of which the labourer's family partakes, and the house in other respects superior to the cottage, yet the strict discipline of well-regulated work-houses, and in particular the restrictions to which the inmates are subject in respect to the use of acknowledged luxuries, such as fermented liquors and tobacco, are intolerable to the indolent and disorderly; while to the aged, the feeble, and other proper objects of relief, the regularity and discipline render the work-house a place of comparative comfort. * * * * It is to be observed, that, although they are variously stated, all these modes of relief, whether by paying wages lower than the ordinary rate in return for outdoor work, or by maintenance in the work-house, imply that the condition of the independent labourer is taken as a standard, and the condition of the pauper purposely kept below it; and that these objects seem to have been effected with very little real severity in any point, and least of all in that of food."—(Report, pp. 230, 231, 232.)

We have given this discussion to some of the general features and principles of a poor-law administration, with the hope to enter upon the consideration of details at some future time if our time and limits should permit. When it is considered that the most destitute and miserable of the populations of Europe are pouring into this country, to become active and independent labourers or dependent paupers, as the case may be; and when it is remembered, that, in the older states, our own native poor must of necessity be numerous notwithstanding the resources of the country, the subject will be found hardly less important here than it has been in England. The spectacle of that country, almost in despair at the magnitude and enormity of this evil, should be a warning to us: at the same time, the courage and efficiency with which this great subject has been grappled by English legislators and philanthropists, should have its weight with us as an example.

THE NIGHT-MARE.

Almahaya. SISTER spirit, tell me where
Left you her—the Lady fair,
Whom the star that rul'd her birth
Gave to thee, to guard on earth?

Zelican. I saw her, as I left my dell
To swing the tongue of yonder bell,
By me pass on the Twilight's steed—
The pale gray steed, that loves to feed
On toad-stools black in swamps that grow,
And the feathers that fall from the moulting crow.

Almahaya. She went not alone so late, I trow ?

Zelican. Nay, not so, for by her side
A green-ey'd Owl, as page, did ride.

Almahaya. And whither goes she, squired so ?

Zelican. To yon church-yard I saw her go.

Almahaya. But what, I pray thee, doth she there ?

Zelican. She goes to comb and curl her hair,
And scent it with the midnight dew
That drips from yonder mourning yew.

Almahaya. Look!—I see her through the gloom,
Making her toilet on a tomb.
I know her errand. Now 'tis clear
She trims her smiles and trims her hair
Thus in the moonless, starless air,
To meet the Fiend that oft doth lie
By day conceal'd in a cold mine'd pie.
I know the Fiend; I've seen his eyes
Gleaming through those fatal pies;
Those pies that each at night become
A new-made grave—when, dark and dumb,
The Fiend steps out to the Lady fair,
To ride by her side through the startled air,
On his red-hoof'd, blue-ey'd, black Night-mare.

Zelican. Hush, good sister—hist, I pray—
Sure I heard his Night-mare neigh.

Almahaya. Oh, haste thee then your charge to save—
'Tis the Fiend himself! In yonder grave
I see his head; and now he looms,
Like a column of smoke, above the tombs;
Now the blue eyes of his snorting mare
Like charnel fires upon us glare:
She paws the ground—But, hark! that groan ?

Zelican. 'Tis only a kick she gave to a bone:
I've heard a skull thus near her moan.

Almahaya. But, listen again—

Zelican. 'Tis the laugh of despair:
For the Fiend is now with the Lady fair.
And—see! they mount on the flashing air.

Almahaya. If I had flesh, 'twould creep at this.
What's that—dost hear ?

Zelican. 'Tis the adder's hiss
In the jaws of a toad that squats by the yew:
I've seen it so feed 'till it upward grew
To the size of a church.

broken fortunes, but indomitable pride. Gifted with strong natural abilities, and for many years favoured by an unvarying current of success, he had become a sort of autocrat of trade among the merchants of New-York; and when the fickle tide at last deserted him, just as the torpor of age was beginning its deadly inroads upon the energies of life, he chose rather to retire among strangers with the scanty pittance that remained to him of his wealth, than to endure the compassionate association of those who had formerly looked up to him with a deferential awe. Still, however, the chains of habit were too strong to be utterly broken. He must be where he could see the spires and catch the distant murmurs of the city; where he could read the daily papers, and glean from some knowing straggler the mercantile gossip of Wall-street. He accordingly selected Brooklyn as a residence, and the low rent of his suburban domicile accorded well with the narrowness of his income.

No one who now beheld Isaac Wilbur, with his look of stoical apathy and air of abstracted indifference, would suppose that he had ever been accessible to the softer emotions of our nature; and yet, before fortune frowned upon him, he was feelingly alive to every kindly influence. The same element that dissolves wax, hardens clay, and the fiery furnace of affliction may give tenderness to *selfish* characters; but it imparts to some temperaments an iron insensibility.

In the hey day of his prosperity he had obtained the hand of a city heiress, and while *he* was all potent upon change, *she* was no less despotic among the butterflies of ton. At last Death clothed this fair lady in that ghastly costume which fashion has never dared to innovate, and her disconsolate husband received the legacy of a son. Time wore away, and the widower became once more absorbed in the intricacies of money getting. By degrees the glow of manhood began to lose somewhat of its freshness, and the quick elastic step which had hitherto distinguished him, was exchanged for the firmly planted tread of five and forty. Old age, with its disagreeable concomitants, now appeared in perspective; and the calculating merchant thought it would be wise to provide some youthful shoulder to lean upon in the down-hill journey of life. He accordingly entered again within the pale of matrimony, and his second wife, who was extremely beautiful, became the object of his doating fondness. After a short but happy union, she shared the fate of her predecessor, leaving a little prattling girl of three years old to harass the soul of the survivor by her innocent wailings for mama. Then came the memorable failure of Wilbur, Jones & Co., and the mortifications of poverty were superadded to the pangs of domestic affliction. What wonder, then, that these

calamities, acting upon a haughty spirit, should have occasioned that serenity of heart and frigidity of demeanour which ever afterwards characterized Isaac Wilbur.

We hate all unnecessary narrative in a story, and presuming that the reader shares our aversion, we shall merely premise that fourteen years had elapsed since the incidents thus far recorded; and proceed forthwith to introduce the more eventful passages of our veritable history.

It was a beautiful summer's afternoon; and while the opposite city glowed like a heated furnace, the heights of Brooklyn were as cool and calm as if an hundred miles removed beyond the influence of its noxious atmosphere. From many a little boat that plashed upon the glancing waters—from many a tall ship becalmed in the breezeless bay, wistful glances were directed toward that haven of tranquil loveliness, and the seat of Commodore Moncrief was pre-eminently the object of nautical envy. Its extensive grounds, chequered with the broad shadows of graceful trees—its large white pillars looming through a stately avenue—and its wide couch-lined hall, thrown open to the garden beyond, naturally suggested visions of luxurious repose to men who were obliged to struggle against the dreamy influence of the day. Nor was this coveted Eden without its occupants. A spirited looking young man, wearing a lieutenant's uniform, and a Hebe-like girl, with a countenance all life and animation, were the living objects whose lot was thus happily cast. They had just entered from the wilderness of flowers that peeped through the vista of the mansion, and, judging by the ease with which they proceeded to avail themselves of surrounding comforts, it was probable that they were literally *at home*. We shall put on the ring of Gyges, and listen to their conversation.

"What do you think of it, Clinton?" said the young lady, throwing herself upon a sofa.

"It is admirable," was the reply. "Highly as I always thought of Harry Wilbur's talents, I never supposed that he was capable of writing so superlatively well."

Saying this, the naval critic tossed aside a book, between whose leaves still nestled an ivory paper cutter.

"You don't know how much he has improved," continued the young lady. "He is so much more sociable than he used to be, and his droll ideas keep one laughing by the hour."

"A prime qualification in your eyes, my little Sis, I doubt not," said Clinton Moncrief, smiling archly. "I really believe, Mary, that your risible muscles form a rail-road to your heart. Is it so in the present instance, merry one?"

"Nonsense!" said Mary, with that hysterical giggle which la-

dies are liable to when accused of flirting. "Nonsense!" and the fair girl crimsoned to the very temples.

Clinton looked at her earnestly. "Is it possible," thought he, "that my random words have probed the truth? I must examine this matter a little more closely."

Mary was gifted with that intuitive tact which petticoat generals invariably possess; and perceiving that there was a spy in the camp, she resolved to sally forth upon the enemy before he had time to collect observations.

"Clinton," said she, with a most demure look, "I am rejoiced that the fascinating Senorina, that you raved so much about in your letters, turned out to be married, for I have been saving you all along for a friend of my own, and you have returned from your cruise just in the right time to fall in love with her."

Clinton could not help laughing at this skilful manœuvre.

"And pray," said he, "who is this irresistible damsel?"

"I have a good will not to tell you," replied Mary, "were it only to punish that provoking laugh. However, as you are yet somewhat of a stranger, I will be indulgent. Your intended is Gertrude Wilbur."

"Gertrude Wilbur!" exclaimed the young gentleman, assuming an attitude of amazement. "Mary, you are beside yourself! She is a mere child."

"Do you think nobody grows old except you, Mr. Methuselah?" said Mary, pettishly. "Gertrude was seventeen last March."

"Is it possible!" said Clinton. "But Mary, she is as broad as she is long!"

"No such thing," insisted Mary. "Her figure is symmetry itself."

"Your ideas of symmetry, then, must be formed upon a scale of African amplitude," said the incorrigible lieutenant.

"It is of no use to reason with you," exclaimed Mary, whose small stock of patience was well nigh exhausted; "but you must at least acknowledge that her eyes are beautiful. When she looks up, they have an expression that is perfectly heavenly."

"Unfortunately, her nose looks up too, if I remember right," replied the unpersuadeable Clinton. "Ah, Mary! I am afraid that all your fine spun meshes for entangling my heart will melt away like fairy frost-work. If I am ever the captive of beauty, it must be of a different style of loveliness from that of Gertrude Wilbur."

"Carlo! Carlo!" cried Mary, as a beautiful little dog came bounding into the hall.

Carlo paid no attention, but darted with the most obstreperous haste into the front parlour, whose door was open, and from his

joyous whines and audible jumps of glee, he there appeared to have found the object of his search.

The rudeness of the whelp was unbearable, and Clinton and Mary ran with one accord to catch him; but their steps were suddenly arrested; for there, beside an open casement, within ear-shot of their castle-building colloquy, stood the gentle mistress of the recreant—even Gertrude Wilbur!

Clinton immediately recognised her, although four years had passed since they had met; but how different was the clumsy, ill-looking child he remembered, from this radiant Psyche!

There she stood, the very picture of beautiful embarrassment, and the young gentleman had certainly no reason to complain of the upward tendency either of her eyes or features.

After a moment of painful silence, the scarlet flush passed from her transparent forehead, and a mischievous smile began playing around the smallest and most ruby of mouths.

"This is a very silly business," said she in a low musical voice, and a pair of St. Cecilia looking orbs were raised toward the paralyzed intruders. "You are of course aware that I have heard what you have said; but I can assure you that I am not in the least offended."

"I'll be sworn not!" said Clinton fervently. "Angels are not subject to human imperfections!"

"You are very forward, Sir," said Mary, who had now recovered her self-possession. "Miss Wilbur, permit me to introduce to you Lieutenant Moncrief, a young officer, whose veracious memory is only to be equalled by his modest assurance."

The gentleman bowed, the lady curtsied, and they both felt at once as well acquainted as if they had been in habits of familiar intercourse for years.

"I came to ask you to walk with me, Mary," said Gertrude, "and as the servant said you would be in directly, I sat down here to wait for you. I was not aware of your brother's arrival, and when I heard you talking with him about Harry, I felt so awkward that I could not summon resolution immediately to let you know I was overhearing. Soon afterwards I proved the truth of the old proverb too forcibly to be in full possession of my faculties."

Perhaps the fair speaker would not have borne Clinton's criticisms with quite so much indifference, had she not read her triumph in his eyes. She had undergone one of those astonishing transformations which sometimes accompany the change from childhood to adolescence, and she was well aware that she was now as beautiful as she had formerly been plain and unattractive. It is too much to challenge for her an utter exemption from the foible of her sex;

but she had certainly as small a portion of vanity as any damsel of them all.

After a little good-natured badinage, the young ladies prepared for a ramble, and Clinton obtained leave to accompany them.

We shall not undertake to tell how lovely Gertrude looked during the stroll, nor how cleverly the Lieutenant talked; but it is very certain, that when they parted at Isaac Wilbur's gate, *she* retired to her room with the conviction that no one could compare with him but Harry, and *he* retraced his steps homeward, by no means so sure as he had been a few hours previous that his heart was proof against the charms of his sister's friend.

With the dreams of the gentleman and lady that night we have no manner of business to meddle.

From this time the young people were almost constantly together. Isaac Wilbur had never exercised much control over Gertrude, and she now came and went, like a Peri as she was, while his cold stony eye took no cognizance of her movements. Commodore Moncrief was absent upon a distant station, and his simple, good-hearted wife engrossed with the cares of her nursery. There were consequently no prudential parents to check the growing intimacy of these undoubted Platonists—to perform sums of arithmetical computation while youthful hearts were garnering up joy or wo. Had even the case been different, and the Argus eyes of parental surveillance fixed upon their blooming trust, matters would have gone on precisely as they did; for the Commodore was a noble tar, too generous to care for dollars and cents; Mrs. Moncrief could deny her children nothing; and with old Isaac, all chances and changes were pretty much alike.

To the trio, whose good understanding was so unceremoniously forwarded by the scene we have narrated, Harry Wilbur was occasionally added. He was twelve years older than Gertrude, and the attachment between them had always been intense in its character. Repelled by the unnoticing regards of her icy parent, the child's loving nature had clung to her elder brother for the boon of affection, and it was bestowed with a warmth that secured her everlasting gratitude. She verily believed, in her innocent ardour, that Harry was the prodigy of nature. That he was the handsomest, the bravest, the most talented among the sons of men; and that he had only to exert those surpassing powers with which he was endowed, to rise above all his compeers, with the easy motion of an aerial flight. Nor was this opinion of his abilities so absurd as such partial estimates not unfrequently are. The young man was in truth a being of no common mould, and his finely-formed person and distinguished air were certainly the least of his attractions.

Originally intended for the bar, his bias for general literature had led him to forsake the dusty route of professional study, that he might pursue the flowery walks of poetry and fiction. This deviation, although it gained him not fortune, had procured him fame; and he already ranked high among aspirants for the laurel.

Harry Wilbur was not a resident of the Brooklyn cottage. He inhabited a high attic in a fashionable boarding-house in New-York, and it was only at intervals that his avocations permitted him the indulgences of leisure. Besides the unavoidable claims of business, there were other taxes upon his time. His society had been much sought for of late years by lionizing party givers, and he had contracted a large circle of acquaintances whose patronage was too important to permit him wholly to neglect their numerous invitations. When, however, he *could* steal from the wearing fatigue of mental labour, and the heartless round of worldly visits, to form one in the little coterie over the water, he brought with him a mind rich with inexhaustible stores, and a wit as varied as it was brilliant.

It was only in the society of Mary Moncrief that gaiety was the characteristic of Henry Wilbur's conversation. Elsewhere it assumed a tone of lofty enthusiasm. Perhaps it was his intercourse with that vivacious girl, which inspired those tales of sparkling humour that about this time gave so much celebrity to his pen. Be that as it may, he never appeared so happy as when under her brightening influence.

O Summer! golden Summer! when thou sittest upon thy verdant throne, pageant flowers passing before thee in gorgeous procession, and gentle zephyrs whispering their soft flatteries in thy ear, how cunningly dost thou play upon the human heart, and awaken from its mystic chords the melodious symphonies of love!

Clinton Moncrief and Gertrude Wilbur became necessary to each other's happiness. They enjoyed together moonlit sails and romantic rambles—readings under ancient trees, and songs beneath starry canopies. Ennobling thoughts were interchanged, and bursts of hilarity participated; slight words became treasured up as funds for future reflection; a tremulous joy agitated their features when they met, and blissful reveries beguiled their hours of solitude.

We are aware that in order to produce an orthodox love story, some hair-breadth escape ought now to have occurred. Gertrude should have been shielded from a rabid dog by the prowess of Clinton, or had her steed arrested on the brink of a precipice by his Herculean arm. She should have fallen into deep waters that her lover might have swam in to her rescue, or at least have stood among burning rafters while he dashed fearlessly through the flames.

Sorry we are to say that nothing like all this happened. The season was very cool, and not a dog went mad. There were no precipices to leap over, unless our heroine spurred her Bucephalus from the heights, and she invariably preferred to ride in a different direction. In a boat, she sat as quiet as a lamb; and old Isaac went the rounds every night to see that not a spark of fire smouldered upon the hearth-stone of his dwelling. Notwithstanding this paucity of danger, Gertrude had every confidence in the chivalry of Clinton, and the quiet lapse of time impressed his image more indelibly upon her heart than if it had been heaving the while with the stormy fluctuations of passion.

During the first month or two of their intercourse, the Lieutenant and Harry Wilbur manifested the strongest disposition to friendship. Nothing could be more amiable than their cordial greetings, nothing more *brotherly* than their harmonizing views. At last they seemed mutually to recoil, and there was an occasional acerbity in Clinton's manner that would have provoked one less forbearing than Wilbur to retaliate somewhat roughly.

One lovely Autumnal evening they were all standing together at the gate of Commodore Moncrief's grounds. It had been a calm, mild day, and the South wind was still—

“Searching for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore.”

Star after star came hurrying to its nightly watch, the waters of the bay glowed like molten silver in the moonlight, and distant shores and fairy isles presented an umbrageous contrast to the lucid splendour of the skies.

“Why is it,” said Mary, her sweet face assuming an expression of tranquil thoughtfulness unlike its usual merry aspect, “why is it that one feels so much better on such an evening as this, than in the broad daylight? It would really appear almost wicked to laugh in the face of all these glorious stars!”

It was very seldom that Mary hazarded any thing approaching to the sentimental, for nature had infused but little *blueing* in her composition. She uttered this, however, in a tone of deep feeling, and Henry Wilbur's eye kindled with all the rapture of a poet.

“Why is it?” said he. “It is because sunshine lights up the world with a vivid distinctness, and gives to every loathsome worm that crawls upon its surface, to every worthless straw that floats in its atmosphere, a visual importance. We live among these things, and our thoughts become lowered to their standard. At night all is concealed that is gross or trivial, and obscurity adds vastness to magnitude. We turn from the dim revelations of earth to the bright fields of heaven, and while we long to traverse them in dis-

embodied freedom, our thoughts naturally revert to the high destinies of man."

"I wish I could always feel as I do now," said Mary, pensively.

"I cannot join in your wish, dear Mary," replied Wilbur. "Our lovely Allegra is too delightful to be spared, and although the stars are especial favourites of mine, I would eschew their society forever, if they were so envious of her brightness as to attempt fading her into a *Penserosa*."

Henry's tones had never been so lover-like, and Mary did not seem in the least offended by their tenderness.

"*Miss Wilbur*," said Clinton coldly, and with a strong emphasis upon the frigid appellation, "*Miss Wilbur*, I fear the dews are too heavy for you and my sister. Had we not better go in?"

"Perhaps so," said Gertrude confusedly; and the ladies, folding their shawls more closely around them, were soon safely ensconced within the four walls of the mansion.

Never had Clinton appeared so unamiable as he did during the remainder of that evening, and when Gertrude went home, she lay awake half the night trying to recollect what she could have said or done to displease him.

We have noticed that one of Gertrude's strongest characteristics was her sisterly affection. Our holiest feelings too often become ministers of torture, as *seraphs* were commissioned to expel man from Paradise.

"Why are you so sad, my brother?" said the lovely girl, as she was sitting one evening in the twilight with the object of her solicitude.

Henry had leaned his arms upon a table, and buried his face in his hands. He did not look up when she spoke to him.

"Dearest Harry, what ails you?" repeated Gertrude, stealing softly behind him, and laying her hand upon his head with the privileged fondness of a sister.

Henry started from his reverie, and looking up, beheld an expression of unutterable anxiety in the features of the sweet querist.

"You are an angel!" cried he, and caught her to his bosom.

"Then Henry," said Gertrude smiling, "you certainly ought to tell me what troubles you; for you know angels have great power, and perhaps I may be of some assistance. You always *used* to inform me when any thing annoying occurred," added she, a little reproachfully.

"Gertrude," said Henry solemnly, "I *believe* you love me! will you prove it?"

"Tell me how, my dear brother," said Gertrude. "I would die for you if necessary."

"Then promise me," said Henry passionately, and grasping both her hands in his, "promise me that you will never, *never* be the wife of Clinton Moncrief!"

Gertrude became as pale as marble, and her hands, which he still retained, were tremulous and cold.

"What do you mean, Harry!" cried she, shrinking from the wildness of his glance.

"I will tell you what I mean!" replied Henry, rising and stamping upon the floor with irrepressible rage. "I will tell you what I mean! I have been insulted, despised, and trampled upon by that haughty upstart; and if you marry him, Gertrude, my blood be upon your soul!"

"He has never even sought my affection," said Gertrude, trembling like a frightened dove. "Such a promise is utterly uncalled for! Besides, what has he done, Harry?"

"He has never sought your affection!" said Henry, fixing his eyes upon her with a penetrating sternness. "Is it necessary to coin in words the language of the eyes? Is it so imperative to utter that pretty phrase, 'I love,' before a maiden can discern the signs of passion? *That* subterfuge was unworthy of you, Gertrude! But," added he, mournfully, "I counted too much upon your devotion. You are right to leave me to my fate!"

"O say not so, my brother!" exclaimed Gertrude in agony. "I will do *any* thing you require! I will promise ——"

"Stay!" interrupted Henry. "It is but fair that you should first know the *cause* of my hatred to Moncrief. I would not bind you by a blind pledge, Gertrude; but I am persuaded that when you know the provocation I have had, you will be as indignant as myself. You must have seen my attachment to Mary. It has been obvious to all the world. I sought not to conceal it, for it was my glory. I toiled for fame, because *she* prized it. I mingled with society, that I might shake off the reserve that *she* contemned. Clinton came, and I was fool enough to endeavour to conciliate *him*. Presumptuous that I was! I deserved to be spurned like a *dog* when I so far forgot my nature as to *fawn*! He did not even attempt to veil his aversion; but I submitted to it all for his sister's sake. This day my fate has been decided. Mary owns that she *has* loved, nay, *still* loves me; but has nevertheless forbidden me her presence for ever! It seems that Clinton interposed his mighty influence, and *my* misery was as nothing in the scale. I have learned this from her own lips. The world is now to me a barren waste, and your affection, Gertrude, is my only solace. Can I then *live*, and see you united to my bitterest enemy! Will you promise me *now*, Gertrude?"

"I promise!" said Gertrude, in the calm distinct accents of utter wretchedness, "I will *never* marry the man who has thus blighted the happiness of my Harry! I will *never* be the wife of Clinton Moncrief!"

* * * * *

Two years had passed since this memorable dialogue, and our scene changes to a southern clime. A ship cleared the harbour of St. Augustine, and was dashing like a war-horse through the waters. She was bound for a northern port, and contained the usual complement of passengers. From the time of embarkation until towards evening, the sultry deck was abandoned to the sailors. At last the breeze blew fresh and cool, shadows deepened over the waves, and languid forms began to emerge from the narrow gang-way of the cabin.

Apart from the groups into which these idlers had formed themselves, stood a young naval officer, with folded arms, watching the receding shores. He was returning home with despatches for government, and each bound of the gallant ship made his heart leap with joyous anticipation. A bright form flitted through his fancy; harsh words were recalled, vows breathed anew, and the soul of the visionary was wrapt in a momentary elysium.

Suddenly he started from his happy musings. A familiar voice had struck his ear—the querulous voice of an old man. He turned—and there, upon those distant seas—supported by her aged father—he beheld her of whom he had been dreaming, in what seemed the lovely phantom of Gertrude Wilbur!

One glance revealed her destiny. She was dying! They had parted in anger; but what now were the unkind words or cold suspicions of the past? She was dying!

Clinton, (for it was he,) took her thin, pale hand. There was silence between them, broken only by the hollow cough of Gertrude. She was not agitated at the sight of her lover; oh, no! she was too near the threshold of eternity for *that*; but thought was busy with the crowding recollections of years, and she forgot that she was speechless.

It is sad—sad—to die away from home! The scenes around us may be fair, far fairer than aught we have ever gazed upon before—the atmosphere may be more balmy—and the groves more musical with birds; but afar in the bleak north is the heart of the failing invalid, and strange flowers, with their strange fragrance, unaccustomed melodies, and eternal sunshine, serve only to fatigue the enfeebled mind with a wearisome novelty, or to pain it by an unsympathizing brightness.

The sands of life had been for months fast ebbing with Gertrude Wilbur. As a last resort, she was taken to Florida; but for her all restoratives were in vain. She pined for her beloved home, as "the heart panteth after the water brooks," and was now returning to breathe her last sigh in its bosom.

When Clinton's attention was arrested by her father's voice, a rude seat had just been placed for her by the sailors; and as she saw who it was that hung over her with such mute eloquence of woe, she raised her soft clear eyes to his, with an expression of unspeakable tenderness.

"O Gertrude, is it thus we meet?" exclaimed Clinton, as his agony found utterance in words. "I had hoped ——"

"Dear Clinton, control yourself!" said Gertrude faintly. "I am not so ill as I seem. I dare say I shall live to reach home; and even if I do not," added she, sinking her voice into an almost inaudible whisper, "I shall not repine *now*, for *you* will be with me when I die."

"Do not talk of *dying*!" exclaimed Clinton with frantic vehemence. "Do not talk of *dying*, my love—my life—my Gertrude!"

He had forgotten the crowded ship—the cold glances that were observing them—all and every thing but Gertrude!

Long sickness had made the invalid like a child, and when she saw the anguish of her lover, she wept!

"Forgive me! my beloved," murmured Clinton, seating himself beside her, and passing his arm around her waist, while her tears fell thick upon it. "Forgive me! I will be more calm. You will recover! I know you will! You will live for *my* sake!"

The glad light of hope flashed from his eyes; but no answering beam lit up the wan features of Gertrude.

"It would be cruel to deceive you," said she, shaking her head mournfully. "The physicians have given me up, and the knowledge never grieved me until now. I am *so* glad that we have met. I have much to say—much to explain. Have I your pardon, Clinton, for my conduct when we parted?"

"My pardon!" repeated Clinton with a bewildered air. "Where, where is Harry?" cried he, becoming for the first time aware of the presence of old Wilbur, who had been standing there all the while, apparently as unmoved as a statue.

The father turned away, and not all his pride of stoicism could suppress the audible sobs of hopeless bereavement.

No answer was necessary. Harry was in his grave.

Until late that night Clinton sat reading in the cabin. Gertrude had given him a manuscript that she had penned while her strength yet permitted the exertion. She was too weak to say all she wished,

and referred him to this chronicle of the past. We shall make some extracts from its pages.

"O the misery of that hour when you left me, Clinton! Harry had made me promise to avenge his injuries, and although my heart was breaking I coldly repulsed you. I knew that in the perilous voyage you were to commence upon the morrow a thousand dangers were lurking. You were to ride upon stormy seas, and visit climes whose air was the breath of pestilence. And yet I sent you forth in sorrow to combat these dangers! I added the bitterness of disappointed love to the natural regrets of absence! But you were revenged, Clinton. For hours after you had gone I sat in the dull stupor of despair, and when at last the visible world became obvious to my senses, I longed to lay my head upon a pillow from which I could never be aroused. My heart was all your own, and that dreadful struggle gave the first shock to the wheels of life. Ah! why did you not tell me, Clinton, when I reproached you with your treatment of Harry, why did you not tell me its cause? I know it was your surpassing love that imposed your silence! You would fain have warded from *my* breast the arrows of affliction, although they pierced *your own* as you guarded me. I now understand your motives; and, however I may mourn over the irremediable past, I shall ever exult in their heroic purity."

"My Brother! my Brother! was it indeed *you* that I beheld? That staggering gait—those drivelling accents—that maudlin fondness—could it be my pride, my Harry that I gazed upon? Was *this* the being for whom I had sacrificed my happiness; nay more, the happiness of the truest heart that ever beat in the breast of mortal? Never shall I forget the agony of that moment, when the conviction burst upon me with the blasting vividness of lightning! It was *impossible* to be deceived. The habit had been stealing over him for years. That fatal popularity! Ah! why did he ever overcome his disinclination to society! And you had been aware of it, Clinton, and had strove to save him. I learned it all afterwards, when it was *too late*. I might have known it before. I might have *known* that if my Harry had been as he once was, the soul of magnanimity and honour, he would never have exacted that rash and fearful promise. But I dreamed not of the truth!"

"He was dead! There he lay as the destroying angel had smitten him. No time had been granted him for repentance. He was summoned before his God in the midst of his unhallowed orgies. Mercy! mercy! Almighty, for that offending soul! Yet who can fathom the goodness of Omnipotence? Perhaps even in his last moment the pardoning sceptre was extended to my Harry. O, let me at least *believe* that he was forgiven! Was it not a token

for hope to dwell upon—that calm serenity which sat upon his noble brow? The bloated redness that had recently disfigured him, was gone; and he lay there looking as innocent and beautiful as he had ever done, even in the glad days of his early youth.”

“I am dying! Clinton, dying in a strange land! O, could I but once more reach my home, and tread where you have trod; could I again breathe the air which you have breathed, and hear that little robin in the honey-suckle, to whose warblings we have so often listened together, I should depart content. Do not grieve too deeply for my fate, dear Clinton. I would not even be remembered if it should give you pain to think of me. You said when I last saw you, that, cruel as I was, you should never cease to love me, and that the time *might* come when I should repent of my injustice. That time *has* come, and most humbly do I entreat your forgiveness. God bless you! Clinton. Your’s is not a heart that can easily forget; but time *will* soften sorrow. Comfort my father when I am gone, for he will have none else to comfort him!”

Sweet Gertrude Wilbur! Not in the bosom of thy home didst thou expire. The robin that Spring reared a new brood beneath thy window, but thou wert not there to mark it. The flowers sprang again into loveliness, but the hand that tended them was cold in the cheerless grave. Amid the howlings of a storm—while the ship was fearfully lurching—and wild waves dashed against its creaking masts, thy gentle spirit passed from its tenement of clay, and the arms of Clinton surrendered thee to thy God!

Gertrude’s last wish was complied with. She was laid beside Harry in the village church-yard, there to wait the coming of that awful day, when “earth and sea shall give up their dead,” and the victim arise with her destroyer.

Years passed away. Old Wilbur returned to his cottage, and resumed his usual habits. His torpid apathy increased, and it was generally believed that all human feeling was extinct within him. He used often to totter forth upon the heights; and as his blank gaze wandered around, some strolling idler would point him out to his companion—as old Isaac Wilbur, he who was once so rich! At last—he died.

Mary Moncrief was of a temperament happily constituted for enjoyment in this life. She soon forgot Harry, and forming a brilliant alliance, was as happy as gaiety and splendour could make her.

No second love ever replaced Gertrude in the bosom of Clinton. He is now a veteran commander in the service; and although the voice of fame is loud in his praise, and wealth and honours have been showered upon him, there is an aching void in his heart which *this* world can never fill.

E. B. C.

THE KNIGHT OF THE CROSS.*

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

I.

ABOVE the chapel's shattered arch
 The verdant ivy twines,
 And o'er the oriel bends the larch,
 Around it cling the vines :
 The crumbled pavement feels no more
 The Benedictine's tread,
 The sky alone is bending o'er
 The altar and the dead.

II.

The southern wind its holy hymn
 Breathes to the evening star—
 Like music of the seraphim,
 It greets us from afar.
 How sad and soft the twilight gloom
 Of ruined fane and tree—
 The shadows brooding o'er the tomb
 Of buried chivalry !

III.

The marble figure of a knight
 On yonder tombstone lies,
 Dim seen in that sepulchral light
 That falls from sombre skies.
 His gauntlet's grasp a shattered cross
 Is straining to uprear,
 As if the sacred symbol's loss
 Had been a dying fear.

IV.

Long years above the dead have rolled
 Their waves of joy and wo ;
 The worm hath gnawed the banner's fold
 And mouldered long ago ;
 For centuries gray have torn away
 The warrior's gory fame—
 And we, the children of to-day,
 Can barely trace his name.

V.

Climb yonder rock-embattled steep,
 And mark his lonely towers ;
 There, trailing vines delight to weep
 With Autumn's crimson flowers.

* Suggested by a picture in the possession of J. Mattison, Esq.

Where once his bell the warder rang,
And blew his mellow horn,
Where once the courtly minstrel sang,
The bird salutes the morn.

VI.

And there Sir Alan dwelt of yore,
Sir Alan, brave and gay,
Whose belt a weighty falchion bore
His arm alone could sway.
The golden spur that graced his heel
A princess buckled on,
When knighthood from a monarch's steel
Was prize of battle won.

VII.

The princess had an eye of fire,
Dark flowed her raven hair—
Ah! who could look without desire
On one so proud and fair?
As mortals have been known to gaze
On Dian pure and bright,
And lose their reason in the blaze—
So fared it with the knight.

VIII.

The silver regent of the sky
Pursues her lofty way,
Nor pauses though the maniac die
Beneath her blessed ray.
The princess at the tournament
Bestowed her smiles on all,
But, far from lists and silken tent,
Sir Alan paced his hall.

IX.

No more his gay pavilion shone,
No more his pennon rose,
No more his courser bore him on
To deal triumphant blows.
Though heralds "largesse" cried aloud,
This open hand no more
Should scatter to the brilliant crowd
Its showers of golden ore.

X.

Sir Alan's bark hath swept the sea
And reached a foreign strand,
Sir Alan's flag is floating free,
By foreign breezes fanned.
And he hath sworn the cross to bear
As long as sun shall shine
On Paynim crescent, hung in air
Above the holy shrine.

XI.

Ah! who that marked his lofty crest,
Could picture half his wo?
Though blazing mail was on his breast,
His heart was dark below.
Ah! vainly doth his charger bear
The knight along the plain,
Soon shall the fierce crusader wear
The captive's galling chain.

XII.

By thronging numbers borne to earth,
Dragged through the city's gate,
The theme of slaves' insulting mirth—
This was Sir Alan's fate.
His friends have fled, are slain or dead,
And blood is on his mail;
Ah! who for him the tear shall shed,
Or raise the plaintive wail!

XIII.

Oh! where can warrior fight or fall
Without one pitying tear?
Where woman lives, she folds his pall
And decks with flowers his bier.
When midnight o'er the minaret
Its trembling radiance flung—
The guard upon the dungeon set
Its portals open swung.

XIV.

With dark eyes flashing through their veil
Like star-beams piercing mist,
With brow and bosom marble pale,
By sunbeams never kissed.
With naked feet that fell like snow
Upon the stony floor,
While silk concealed her bosom's glow—
A lady passed the door.

XV.

She wore the sultan's signet-ring,
Before whose magic fire
The dungeon gate must open swing,
The turbaned slaves retire.
She takes the captive's passive hand—
What means this wild dismay?
Why does the lady shivering stand,
With dark eyes turned away?

XVI.

In vain above the sultan's foe
The sultan's bride shall weep,
Vainly, in wild dishevelled flow
Her raven tresses sweep.

She sought the knight to own her flame,
 His love, his guide to be :—
 But Death before the princess came,
 And set the captive free.

XVII.

His native earth receiving lapped
 His dust from Syria sent,
 And here full long his banner flapped
 Till every fold was rent.
 But Time hath marred his sculptured form,
 And dimmed his knightly fame ;
 And soon shall age and driving storm
 Obliterate his name.

THE HUMBLE REMONSTRANCE OF THE LETTER R.

THIS happy country is a Republic, and in a republic the rights of all are said to be respected. Alas ! how many fine sounding theories, when brought to the test of experience, "melt into air !" Surely I, if possessed of any thing like literary pride, might reiterate this declamation, and could I but find a "local habitation," might rant, and rave, and roar in vain ; for while my rights are disregarded, my voice is silenced ; yet that voice has never been accused of harshness, and those rights are coëval with the first formation of the language. To what, then, can I attribute this contempt ? If it be to the high station that I hold in Royalty, have I not equal force in Republicanism ? and my importance in Reason and Religion not even my enemies presume to question. It is not, in truth, when I usher in the word, or even the syllable, that I am usually put to silence ; but whenever I can be slyly passed over in the midst of my companions, or be shut out as I fall into the rear, then it is that I am without ceremony flatly excluded. Thus, though I am permitted to hold my place in the name of the Governor of Massachusetts, yet am I jostled from my principal station in his title ; and *Govenor* Everett, the champion of *Libety*, is heard from many a tongue which ought to do me justice. My crooked neighbour, whose hissings are said to fill the language with the sibillations of serpents, though often abused, is never, except in cases of physical impossibility, defrauded of the "*mouth honour*," though "*breath*," it may be, "*which the poor heart would fain deny, but dares not.*" Nay,

its whistle is sometimes heard to sound through some lawless lip in defiance of all the restraints which the authority of grammar has imposed upon it. However, it is not of such offenders that I would now speak: it is of those from whom I ought to expect fair treatment, of the well-educated and the eloquent, that I complain. In some of their finest productions I am rudely thrust aside, and half the effect of oratory is destroyed for want of my full, harmonious tone. Even in the common intercourse of life, what "*questionable shapes*" are presented to the mind by driving me away! Admiration sinks into compassion when the fair maid talks of the *pus* in her hand; contempt rests on the fop who describes his dress as of the *fuss'd* fashion; and pity may well fall upon the scholar who speaks of himself as possessing a *mussiful* disposition. Who could trace back the name of *Thursday* to that of Thor, the thunderer? and who can find in the *pefer*, *pefix*, *pepare*, &c. &c., that constantly assail the ear, the expressive *præ* from which they are derived? Against the Irishman, indeed, my complaint is of a very different kind. Far from neglecting, he seizes upon me wherever I can be found; and with all the fervour of his nation, holds me trembling to his lip as though he would exclaim with Coriolanus, "*Now for a kiss, long as my exile!*" The Roman's, however, was a lawful embrace, not so the Hibernian's; and as I wish not for illicit fondness, I would as earnestly call upon *him* to moderate his regard, as I would entreat the native American to pay me the honour that is my lawful due.

There was once a schoolmaster, who, feeling for me all the respect that I deserve, remarked with displeasure that one of his pupils, from some natural or acquired defect, was in the frequent habit of passing me by. The consequence was, that as often as the offence was committed, the culprit was compelled to conjugate that delightful verb which seems to have been invented to do me honour, *Ruo*, *ruere*, &c.; and never once, through all its harmonious varieties, did the urchin dare to slight me. The remedy was effectual. But this was in the good old days of authority, when the pedagogue was armed with power to enforce obedience, and pains and penalties were the consequence of perverseness. At the present time, indeed, the requisition might be unavailing, the experiment end but in meriment, and the poor Dominie's *Ruo*, *ruere*, be saucily answered with "*Quid si cælum ruat!*" Since, however, such is the modern system of education, that an appeal to the infant reason is all that is permitted for the object of overcoming the wildest vagaries of childhood, I must, in all humility, present myself to those who are entrusted with the "*delightful task*" of rearing the ungrown men and women, and earnestly recommend to them not only to restore to me my legitimate rights as it respects themselves, but also to endeavour

by all the means that are left within their power, to prevail upon the miniature members of their legislatures to acknowledge the justice of my claims, to be sensible of the music of my voice, and to permit me to mingle in their silver tones wherever the genius of the language has deigned to place me. Then shall my spirit revive, and with my deepest roll will I gratefully reverberate their glad hurra !

R.

STANZAS,

IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.

HOPES, ye have been school'd
 While in your early years,
 And thus have 'scaped the fears,
 To be hereafter fool'd
 Or have your ardour cool'd
 By wo, that rules all here
 In our sublunar sphere.

Heart! thou art too fond
 For one that hopes to rise,
 And thou must sacrifice
 All thy affections bland,
 Nor let them thee withstand,
 When thou would'st take a flight
 Up to some worldly height.

Ambition! thou art now
 To me a welcome guest:
 Turmoiling in my breast;
 Thou dragons' teeth dost sow
 (The seed of future wo,)
 Yet marshallest each thought
 To that that must be wrought.

Love! I do not know thee,
 Thy dart and silken chain
 Alike I do disdain,
 So go and show thee
 To those that bow unto thee;
 I laugh thy snares to scorn
 For of thee wo is born.

Fancy! hence avaunt,
 For by thy magic ray
 Thou'st led me far astray,

And I should come to want
 Did I thy temples haunt—
 So Fancy, fare thee well,
 With me thou may'st not dwell.

Merchant! count thy gains
 And when thou hast the sum
 Will it not truly come
 To less of gold than pains,
 I would not for the stains
 Thou hast upon thy mind
 Have all thou'lt leave behind.

Sailor! that dost roam
 Upon the troubled wave,
 Wherefore dost thou brave
 The ocean's rock and foam?
 Sailor, come thou home,
 For thou wilt find that dross
 Will only work thee loss.

Soldier! Mars his son
 I would not for untold
 Heaps of shining gold
 Do what thou hast done;
 Nor have the blood of one
 Leave stain upon my hand,
 Except for native land.

Heart, thus dost thou speak;
 But thou canst not know
 What thou yet shalt do
 When fate its seals shall break.
 Perhaps thou art so weak
 That thou shalt be more shamed
 Than aught that thou hast named.

A TALK ABOUT THEATRICALS.

"Bald, disjointed chat."—*Shakspeare.*

ALMOST every civilized nation on the face of the globe has a drama of its own, more or less remarkable for national peculiarities. England can produce a long and brilliant list of dramatic authors, with the "world-renowned" bard of Avon at their head; France can boast her Racine, Corneille, Molière, and Voltaire; Germany

her Goëthe and her Schiller; there is even a man they call the Danish Shakspeare; but where is the national drama of America? One of the first things about which a traveller of taste and curiosity inquires, is the theatre. "Have you a theatre?" he will ask of some plain, intelligent American. "Oh! yes," replies our countryman. "We have plenty of play-houses. Yonder is one."

"What! that building, with a Grecian front and Gothic windows?"

"Yes—that's it; and a very pretty piece of architecture it is too, uniting in harmony the four antique orders with Gothic ornaments."

"And pray what do they act there?"

"Oh! every thing. The manager is very liberal and enterprising, and always gives us novelties; in fact, if he didn't, we shouldn't patronise him. We have tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, rope-dancing, men-monkeys, figurantes, and a man that spins a dinner-plate upon his nose. Every thing, in short."

And so we have; almost every thing—which a pure taste condemns. Perhaps the traveller enters "the drama's home," to borrow a phrase from the men who write the prize addresses, and beholds an interior tastefully decorated, and better adapted to the purposes of seeing and hearing than the mammoth theatres of London, the great Babel itself. To be sure there are hats and boots in the dress circle, and people lounging across two or three benches at a time; but these things are excusable in a free country, where people like to show their independence and contempt of the aristocratic laws of etiquette. On the whole, the inside of the play-house is much like an European one. The curtain rises, and our traveller perceives a yet more striking resemblance. He hears the very same jests which delighted the pits of Covent Garden, the Olympic, or, perhaps (*horribile dictu!*) the Pavilion theatre, uttered in the same farces; and although the local allusions invariably fail of effect, still the *double entendres* and open obscenities are rapturously applauded. The stranger leaves the house, admiring the patience with which the good people listen to details of scenes and peculiarities with which they are unfamiliar, and in many of which they can take no interest.

But as farces were only written to make us laugh, not reason, it is of very little matter whence they are imported; they are trifles to send us smiling away after a heavy tragedy, a light desert following a substantial dinner. It is, however, a matter of regret that we should be so entirely dependent on a foreign market, not only for the desert but for the first and second courses; and that our caterers should so exactly model themselves upon the "liberal

and enterprising" managers of the London stage. No sooner does a famous plate-spinner, or an inimitable man-monkey appear, than a mammoth bill informs us that "the manager, ever anxious to gratify a discerning public, is happy to inform them that he has succeeded in effecting an engagement with Signor Viviani, the celebrated European Plate-spinning Saltator, who has performed at Naples, Paris, and London with unbounded applause. In consequence of the ENORMOUS EXPENSES which the manager incurs, the box tickets will be sold at auction." Simultaneously with this announcement, sundry editorial puffs appear in the newspapers. Expectation is represented as being on tiptoe, the excitement in the fashionable (?) world prodigious, and Signor Viviani the tenth wonder of the world. In consequence of these reports the Signor becomes very popular, his audiences are very large, and when every body has seen him spin his plates, the manager announces his appearance "for the last time." Every body rushes to the theatre, and the Signor takes a formal farewell. But lo! the next night the Signor appears "*positively* for the last time, as his engagements at the South do not permit a longer stay." If he still continues "to draw," the manager "effects a re-engagement for nine nights." Thus,

"With more 'last words' they linger o'er us,
And, like a tom-cat, die by inches."

Croaker and Co.

To merit the "liberal patronage" of the public, how very "enterprising" these managers do become! It is "out of their power" to bring out original plays, or raise the salaries of stock actors; but they can afford to give Signora Rumbiante Quiverante a guinea a crotchet for her ear-splitting bravuras, and allow Mademoiselle Entrechat three hundred dollars a night for her pigeon-wings, and pay her in specie. As for rope-dancers, learned dogs, and live snakes,* their services are invaluable.

I am no enemy of "horse and hound," but I think that the stage of a theatre should be something better than an arena whereon the arts of the *menage* and the training of the kennel should be exhibited. I own I have lost the ardour of my youth, and if any thing can prejudice me against a play, it is the promise of the entire stud of beautiful Turkish horses, with one Bactrian camel, one Syrian dromedary, and an elephant. We shall soon have birds as well as beasts. Somebody will dramatise Audubon's Ornithology, and then

* Two very aspiring reptiles have been going the rounds of the theatres, performing in a piece written expressly for them—entitled, "The Children of Chittagong, or the Anacondas of Ceylon." What will the lovers of the legitimate drama do when these poor snakes have shuffled off this mortal coil?

we shall have "First Night of the Ring-Tailed Golden Eagle, who will make his appearance in a play written expressly for this bird." To return to horses. When a poor devil of a manager can procure a stud of nags, he is much in the predicament of a "beggar on horseback." An equestrian mania carries him away. Whenever a dilemma occurs in a piece, it is ever with him as with the king in the fine old ballad of Hardyknute—

"Bring me my steed Madge, dapple-gray!"

He mounts his heroes and heroines. They talk, kiss, and fight in the saddle. We once beheld (upon the stage) a whole troop of horse in a coronation hall. We believe they had no better precedent for their appearance than the entrance of the champion of England in a similar scene riding a gallant barb.

Next to an equestrian spectacle, I detest a *horrible* play—stage horrors are so laughable. There was *Der Freischutz*. There was a fine old German story spoiled when they brought that on the English stage; Carl Maria Von Weber would have shuddered at it. The story was one of the very best of its kind. We have taken a fearful pleasure in reading it, for it was really a ghost story, not wound off with a tissue of explanations that laughed in the face of your credulity like the latter end of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, but a genuine ghost story, with plenty of hobgoblins, a moral, and a devil. The tale curdles your blood, like Bürger's "Leonora" and "Wild Huntsman," like Goëthe's wild and frenzied "Bride of Corinth." Carl Maria Von Weber caught a spark of inspiration from the corpse-light of the legend, and the "Freischutz" music is enough of itself to give him immortality. He who can listen unmoved to the mysterious overture, to the wild song of invisible spirits, to the bridal and the hunting choruses, need never breathe a syllable about music—he hath none in his soul, nor have the gods made him poetical. As a drama, "Der Freischutz" is not eminently successful, because the stage horrors are so palpably artificial, so totally at variance with the images created by the strange melodies of the composer. There is a mighty "flare up" of red and blue lights, a great flapping and flourishing of canvass bats and owls, a strutting about of real flesh-and-blood skeletons, and a profuse expenditure of India fire-crackers; but it is not the thing after all. The smoke does invade our lungs and make us cough, and the skeleton supernumeraries do make us laugh; and we cannot realize much horror after reading in the play-bills, "the incantation properties by Mr. Such-a-One, the monsters by Mr. Somebody Something."

I know that the task of finding fault is not difficult. I know that

it is easier to abuse the stage as it is, than to suggest some practical amelioration. In the first place we must create a national dramatic literature. It is in vain for managers to say that the public will not pay for native literature, the experiment has not been fairly tried. There was a time when publishers would not look at the manuscripts of American novelists ; but a few American novels that were smuggled into the world succeeded, others followed, and now the production of a tale or romance on this side of the water is no longer regarded as a miracle. Let the managers of theatres afford facilities to our authors, encouraging them to write and offer plays, allowing them a liberal share of the profits of those which succeed, and we shall soon see whether the same talents which can produce interesting novels is adequate to the composition of interesting dramas. There is no reason for our servile dependence upon England for the amusements of our evenings. Her dramatic star has set ; but must we, because she has few dramatists of note, because her stage is degraded, and her modern drama a name ; must we conclude that we are doomed to a similar inferiority, copy her dulness, and echo her inanities ? Our enterprize forbids this. I confess that I am among those who hope for the regeneration of the drama on the western shores of the Atlantic. I hope to see our theatres, freed from every pollution, the resort of the intelligent, the cultivated, the wealthy and the lovely of our land ; I hope to hear their walls echo only the loftiest sentiments, such as Shakspeare or Schiller would not have blushed to own.

D.

MUSINGS IN MOUNT AUBURN.

SUNLIGHT has faded from the flowery hills,
And evening o'er the fragrant heights is blushing ;
The lowly murmurs of the mountain rills,
Whose limped waters o'er the rocks are gushing,
Meet on the air in music, and the sound
Swells o'er the stillness of the solemn hour,
And with the grandeur on the Heav'ns around,
Fall on the feelings with subduing pow'r,
And woo the weary mind from scenes of bustling life,
To wander in the shades—away from all its strife.

Moment for meditation! how I feel
 Thy solitude? And while the dew's are weeping,
 From the abodes of living men I steal,
 To muse in silence where the dead are sleeping;
 And now, Mount Auburn, while amid thy gloom,
 From mound to Mausoleum I may go,
 May I remember that the dreary tomb,
 Its dismal arras will around me throw.
 And while man's frail mortality may moulder here,
 The soul, unhurt by sin, may seek a better sphere.

And multitudes who tread these sacred aisles,
 Where buds and blossoms in their pride are growing,
 With cheeks of vermil and their lips in smiles—
 While yet the bow'rs all beautiful are glowing,
 Struck by the Monster in their prime may fall;
 And weeping friends, with "fainting steps and slow,"
 May bear their bodies 'neath the sable pall,
 To their lone rest—the flowery turf below,
 And then return to mingle with the busy throng,
 Sport carelessly awhile, and follow them ere long.

I come to commune with the voiceless crowd,
 And gather wisdom in the tide of feeling
 That rushes with the thoughts of pall and shroud,
 When melancholy o'er the mind is stealing;
 And if beside the Cenotaph I tread,
 Whose sculpture doth some history reveal;
 Or o'er the ashes of less honoured dead,
 On the green sward in deepest awe I kneel,
 'T may seem as though some sleeper's spirit died with mine,
 Hold hallow'd converse beside the lowly shrine.

Beneath me here in silence doth repose,
 The dust of the great Spurzheim; he whose spirit
 So like a thing of Heaven, high uprose,
 As if its spotless heirdom to inherit
 Before the Tabernacle of its time's sojourn
 Had worn out half its years, and he has gained,
 Beyond the dark unfathomable bourne
 A shining home, where science ever reigned;
 And he, improving still, in intellectual might,
 May wing his way for ever through the halls of light.

The stainless marble that doth mark the spot
 Where the great Philosopher's form's decaying,
 Is more than epitaph'd, though it hath not
 The fulsome eulogy that friendship praying,
 Full oft on the unconscious slab doth write,
 To rear o'er the unworthy, as though the deed,
 The dead could rescue from disgraceful night,
 And this memorial clothe in Virtue's meed.
 "SPURZHEIM" is all the ice-cold marble doth contain.
 The name itself is history, and must e'er remain.

And here, a snowy shaft, an ASHMUN's worth
 Hath memoried in marble—proudly telling
 That MIND, when fails its monument of earth,
 Doth seek a higher and a holier dwelling—
 In realms congenial to its growing pow'r,
 Where uncreated and unclouded day,
 The spirit's lofty and eternal dower,
 Its ever brightening splendours doth array ;
 And the free mind, unfettered in its high career,
 Is soaring ever upward through its boundless sphere.

Yon tall oak shelters HOFFMAN's resting place ;
 In youth he started for the pearl of glory—
 With vigour ran his intellectual race,
 And ere Fame's iron pen had marked his story
 Death winged the fatal arrow, and he fell—
 Fell while the path to eminence he trode,
 For whom the partial gods do love full well,
 Are taken early to their blest abode ;
 The marble tells his worth to all who walk this grove,
 His spirit wanders o'er the blissful fields above.

This Temple-tomb is from Italia's shore,
 Cut from the quarry of a classic mountain,
 Adown whose side did classic waters pour,
 Sparkling like silver from their wild-wood fountain.
 In gazing on its beauty—how the heart
 Leaps in its fulness as the thoughts arise,
 Of the fair land afar that cradled Art,
 And looked on Science with a mother's eyes !
 That she should rend in twain her hills where beauty blooms,
 Marring their loveliness to give the nations tombs.

Perchance Boccaccio once was seen to stand
 On the tall mount amid its crown of flowers ;
 Or Dante heard to sing his favourite land
 While wandering among her blooming bowers ;
 And other worthies may have stood upon
 The soil that hid this marble from their sight,
 And told of Cities that the sword had won ;
 Or Kingdoms crushed by the usurper's might.
 And this thrice lonely tomb perhaps may be the part
 Of some tall Temple that adorns that land of art.

Low in yon valley by the little lake,
 Whose waters now are in the moonlight sparkling,
 In the deep slumber that no voice can wake,
 Lies HANNAH ADAMS, and around her darkling
 Hang the deep shadows of the ravine wild,
 As if stern nature had her gloom weeds worn,
 To weep in solitude o'er a favourite child,
 Whom some rude monster from her love had torn ;
 Adams, the great " Historian of the Jews " she sleeps,
 While man her works and learning in memorial keeps.

• Beneath this little mound, whose breast doth bear
 A mimic forest of the fairest roses,
 A sleeper, taken from this world of care
 Ere we had touched its path—in peace reposes.
 The slumber of the innocent is sweet,
 And like the peace of Heaven is the tomb
 Where, covered in its snow-white winding-sheet,
 The infant form is laid within its gloom;
 Youth, bloom, and loveliness are alike the prey
 Of the relentless tyrant—all must own his sway.

Beside the hillock is a longer grave,
 And near the valley's ivied edge, another,
 The forms they hide were worn by sorrow's wave,
 The father sleeps in that, in this the mother.
 Of these, a saddening story hath been told
 Of keen misfortune in their early love;
 Though young in years, they were in sorrow old;
 And gladly left the world for Heaven above.
 And while beneath the turf their bodies are at rest,
 On high their ransomed spirits wander with the blest.

I lean against this granite column now,
 And while pale Cynthia in her silver shedding
 Through the thick foliage on my aching brow,
 I think upon the steps that I've been treading,
 And in my heart's sincerity I pray
 These solemn scenes may be a lesson true,
 And the deep meditations of this day
 May be my Monitor life's journey through.
 And when I leave this world of trial, may I tread
 The blissful aisles of Heaven with Mount Auburn's dead.

BALTIMORE, *Maryland*.

J. N. M.

THE "ION" OF PLATO:

OR,

THE PLATONIC DOCTRINE OF THE NATURE OF POETRY.

How remarkable, when contrasted with the modern fashions in literature, is the simple dress of the Platonic philosophy! Who would select a casual conversation on the highway, between a player and a sage, as a medium for communicating to the present generation a theory and analytic disquisition concerning the imagination? Surely no one, except he intended that his treatise should be considered as a stray chapter from a modern novel, or a gratuitous

specimen of some yet "unpublished tale." Yet such was the medium which Plato chose for one of his fundamental, oft-repeated, and favourite doctrines; and most excellently, when all things are considered, does it seem suited.

Ion, the namesake of the treatise, is an Ephesian, who has left his native country to seek fortune in the favours of the Grecian public. He is a strolling rhapsodist and player, and prides himself especially upon his delivery of Homer. Yet he is not a "star," nor is he a component of any Thespian company constellated. He is simple Ion, and needs no gas-lit, *boxed*, and *pitted* theatre, nor waits for an announcement. He is engaged to the public, and they are his manager; he suits himself to times and places, and wanders from city to city. At market-time and on holidays he is seen breaking his way through the crowd, till he reaches the extremity of the public square, where he hastily throws down his outer robe, and, displaying his theatricals, mounts the *Bema*. Now is he known professionally. Soon he commences the song of Homer, and speaks with much gesture and melodiously: he knows his part, and the shifting crowd grow more compact and centre round him. He tells them of the glories of Olympus; he leads them to the awful councils of the Gods; now he speaks something pitiful concerning Hecuba, or of Andromache, or of old Priam; he describes Ulysses, o'erworn with travel, and after his long absence unexpectedly appearing before his handmaids, and pouring down his arrows at their feet;—the hum of the *Agora* is stilled; the fish-woman sets down her basket, the butcher leans upon his saw; a tear is in the eye of that young maiden, and all forgotten are "the wonders of the town;"—"it was not magnanimous thus to drag Hector," whispered yon quick-eyed youth to his father; and his father looked sideways and smiled.—But Ion has ceased speaking, and they throw money on the *Bema*. It is now vacant as before. Then rolls back the stream of life to earthly channels; again it smoothes its surface, and its depths grow stagnant.

There has been a festival at Epidauris in honour of the God *Æsculapeius*. Ion has been present, and displayed his powers; and just as he enters Athens upon his return, our dialogue commences. The Epidaurians, besides the field sports and gymnastic exercises characteristic of a Grecian holiday, on this occasion have instituted trials of the skill of different rhapsodists, musicians, and poets. Ion has been a competitor among the former, and the successful one; for he comes before us, apparently, with perfect self-satisfaction, and crowned with a golden crown. We may presume him to be naturally vain and ostentatious; for now he affects a regal pomp and grandiloquence; his self-opinion is extravagant and in-

flated; and his fancy overflows with the profusion of his greatness. He is a vain man, as distinguished from a lover of fame, and, in absence of another, himself trumpets his achievements.

The dramatic merit, as well as poetry, of the Platonic writings in distinctions of character of this kind, are by no means to be disregarded. Besides the pleasure and relief which they afford to the intent and labouring thought of the reader, they will assist his memory and enrich him with choice associations. He will see frequently the practical bearing and tendency of an opinion which the philosopher ridicules or refutes, ingeniously and exactly exemplified in the person who is made its mouth-piece. Who that reads the *Republic*, ever forgets the noisy Carthaginian who causes so much confusion in the quiet house of Cephalus? Who will fail to see in his character, as displayed during the beautiful analysis of justice in the opening book—as he boisterously and ridiculously contends—that “any thing is just which conduces to the interest of government as distinct from the interest of the governed,” and after exhausting his ill-words and menaces, changes from ground to ground, from position to position, yet boasts of his consistency and purity of motive, until at last he is forced, by the acute yet pleasant interrogatories of Socrates, to crouch down, helpless and spiritless, and at the mercy of those he has insultingly braved—who can fail to see in this man a fit tool for government oppression, and just the wretch that for hire would strangle infant liberty? But, besides dramatic merit of this kind, the Platonic dialogues, considered merely as conversations, are worthy of commendation. They are well sustained and uniform, and present pleasing pictures of kind feeling, politeness, and choice humour. This latter is peculiar, so much so that Socratic pleasantry is no less characteristic of a kind than “Socratic reasoning.” Cicero, who has so well caught the spirit of Plato, was so far a worshipper of his style and language as to say, “Jovem, siquidem aiunt philosophi, si Græcè loquitur, sic loqui.” And it is hardly an extravagance of admiration. For in his embodyings of truth, the hand of Plato has given us more than averted and passionless features, and a cold, angular outline; he has shed a glow, a fervour, and poetic feeling upon the marble face, and placed the light of a winning smile in Truth’s eye of solemn beauty. His lips are touched with honey, and he speaks poetic language. They were not wasted; his early years devoted to the Muses. The natural impulse which moved his youthful aspirations to an immortality like Homer’s, had not spent its force when he turned from the ideal to the teachings of a sage like Socrates. His imagination blended with his understanding; he was yet imbued

with the dreamy and spiritual beauty of the haunted hill, and he knelt not to philosophy ere he had bathed in Helicon. How then should he view nature and being, except with a poet's enthusiasm and gladness? The Egeria whom he sought in the groves of Academus, was a daughter of the Muses: should she speak with other than a voice of song and harmony?

It may be said of Plato, that while he has seldom lost the poet in the philosopher, he has sometimes lost the philosopher in the poet. Yet we mean not this in a vulgar sense. We cannot lay down our volume, and say Plato was a dreamer. Could we dream truth, it would be the dreaming of Plato. There is a meaning to the fables, a principle involved in the allegory, which need not be hidden except to the unthinking. We must look further than to the gilded vase of the fountain; we must search for its springs and inward sources. If we would see the naked trunk, we must first remove the clustering vines, which, with profuse and golden growth, enwrap and almost hide it. The effort will not go unrewarded.

To revert to our dialogue:—Socrates, as before stated, meets Ion upon his return from the Epidaurian festival. He greets him, inquires of him from whence he arrived, and afterwards of his success. He takes occasion shortly, to express his admiration of the poets, and of the happy fortune of those whose employment leads them to bestow much study and labour upon their writings. He expresses his opinion that it is essential that a good actor should thoroughly master the meaning and intent of his author, and by no means consider it his only care to commit his language to memory. Ion, in reply, says that he has always held the same opinion, and bestowed great study upon Homer; and, as proof of the great advantages which he has derived therefrom, he challenges all antiquity, as well as his own times, to produce his equal as a rhapsodist of Homer. He tells the philosopher that it would be greatly worth his while to listen to a display, which he will make, of his ability to add ornament and fitting graces to the Homeric writings! But Socrates, after his thanks, seems inclined to waive this kind proposal, and inquires of Ion whether he is equally a proficient with the writings of Hesiod and Archilochus. Ion answers that such is by no means the case, and that he wishes for no greater ability or honour than he has already attained. He does "not wish his *art* extended." Moreover, he affirms, that although he has essayed to recite the writings of other poets than Homer, yet he never could deliver them with effect; that they produced no excitement of his own mind, and that he is uniformly dull, and spiritless, and inattentive when he hears them recited by others. This, then, becomes a

thesis for the philosopher ; and towards it, as involving a peculiarity in the power of rhapsodising, (which Ion has denominated a power of *art*,) his philosophical interrogatories are directed. His reasoning, as it proceeds, is made equally applicable to the power of the poet as to the power of the player, and is an inquiry whether either of them can be in any sense powers of art or acquired powers. It may be thus syllogistically and summarily expressed :—Uniform applicability to every subject of the same kind is a characteristic of every art or acquired power. Illustrations of this may be found in any art ; in that of the charioteer, whose skill may be displayed with all horses and upon any highway ; in the art of musical execution, which may comprehend all tunes of different degrees of melody—and so of other arts. All poets have the same subjects of poetry ; many select the same, yet the excellence of some is confined to a single topic ; many fail where others gain immortality ; and the merit of each is different, and in some degree peculiar. All players have the same poems for rhapsody or acting ; yet some are eminently successful with the writings of Hesiod, others with those of Archilochus ; while Ion, who eclipses them all in recitations from Homer, is spiritless and uninteresting when he delivers passages from the other poets. Can the poet then, or the player, be an artist ? Can that ability which is peculiar to an individual, and confined to a subject, be capable of acquisition ? Can that be a power of art, every exercise of which by different individuals upon the same subject, in the same circumstances, entirely differs ?

Ion expresses his conviction of the truth of the philosopher's doctrine, and that under the circumstances, the powers in question cannot be powers of art. We hope our reader will join with him in the expression, and in curiosity to know what Plato will denominate these powers, and how explain them, if not as artificial. But Socrates is in no haste to express the opinion. Perhaps he is fearful that Ion will not understand or will misunderstand him. He evades the point for a time, that he may make this characteristic of an art, in his own words, "clear and simple, and a matter of daily experience" to the mind of Ion. He dwells mainly upon the distinction between the man of *taste* and the man of *genius*, and takes his illustrations from painting, sculpture, music, and rhapsody. The discernment of the one he shows to be uniform in its applicability, capable of improvement and acquisition ; while the power of the other, as he has before explained, is of its own kind, and peculiar. He inquires of Ion whether he has ever known an individual who could discern the merits of Phemius, the Ithakensian, as a rhapsodist, and was yet "at a loss what opinion to form of the performances of Ion, the Ephesian ?" To this home-question

Ion makes reply in the negative, and again states the peculiarity of his own case, that although he is unrivalled as a rhapsodist of Homer, yet he has no skill with the writings of other poets. And he strenuously again urges Socrates to explain this peculiarity and afford him the reason of it. Thus, then, does the philosopher make his reply, adapting his metaphysical, and at that day, almost sacriligious doctrine, to the inbred superstitious notions of his companion, yet with a majesty and "march divine," here, alas! how poorly imitated.

"I think I see the reason, O Ion! and I will explain what it appears to be. And first, it is not a power of art which enables you to discourse upon Homer: it is a DIVINE POWER which moves you. In illustration of it, I find no better simile than the property of that stone to which Euripides gave the name of magnet, and which many call Herculean. For if rings of metal are placed in contact with this stone, it not simply attracts them to itself, but will impart its own property of attraction to every ring; so that a long, dependent series may be formed of them, each hanging from the other, and receiving a portion of the original power of the stone. Even so doth the inspiring Muse impart her power, and, as it were, a chain is formed of those who feel and catch her inspiration. For the great Epic poets, not by art, but uplifted and inspired, give forth heroic strains. The Lyric writers of eminence in like manner,—as the priests of Cybele, who wildly dance, exhilarated, and free from the sober senses,—when they move in harmony and rhythm, feel a kind of madness and exaltation: like bacchanalians, they too, in their inspiration, *draw milk and honey from the waters*. And it is the SOUL which works the poesy which they but utter. The poets tell us, that, like bees, they sport on wing, and steal the songs they bring us from the honey-flow of fountains, and from groves and gardens of the Muses. And it is no fable. A poet's soul is something light, and winged, and divine; his imagination frames no images until he is inspired and ennobled, and borne *beyond his understanding: never from the mere mind came verse or oracle*. No, they are not artists who tell us so many and such noble thoughts of things, as you of Homer. It is the heavenly influence of the Muse which worketh in them. She inclineth one to dithyrambics, another to panegyrics; one to melodies for dancing, another to epics, and another to iambics; yet the power given extends no further than to the single style. And this is the strongest proof that it is no power of art; for rules of art which could gift a poet with ability in a single kind of strain, might by different applications give him universal powers of song. Nay, it is the Divinity who doth these things; it is the Divinity, who for a time

removeth the mind and understanding of the poet, and renders him the interpreter, and oracle, and sacred priest. And whilst we listen to his strains, so noble, so worthy of highest consideration, we cannot otherwise believe than that they are not from the mere mind of man, but are offsprings of the divine nature.

"The case of Tynnichus, the Chalcidensen, is at once a strong proof and illustration of this opinion. Not a poem which he has written is of note or worth remembrance, except the single Pæan which is on every one's lips, and is, indeed, the most beautiful of songs. So little was there of art in its composition, that he himself has named this poem an invention of the Muses. And in truth it does appear to me, that by it the Divinity hath shown us that we ought not to indulge a doubt that these noble poems are not human, as being productions of humanity, but are divine, and emanations of divinity: and that poets are the inspired interpreters of the Divinity; and that, even though the inspiration falls upon the meanest bard, yet it will bear with it, and produce the loftiest power of song."

Such then are the Platonic doctrines of poetic power: that it is a divine power, an inspiration and heavenly influence; that the Muse imparteth it originally and in different measures; and that its operation pre-supposes an absence of the understanding, and a removal from the humanity, which are ground-works of our being. If taken literally, can any thing appear more extravagant and fanciful? Can we think Plato meant them as literal truths? Is there not something subjective, of which these ideals from the poetic and over-wrought superstition of the day are as forms and living symbols? Let us pause, thoughtful reader! ere we say that Plato was dreaming of the golden age. His was not the time when Jove was throned upon Olympus, and Diana, huntress with the silver spear, roamed the Lycian mountains. "The heavens had gone further off and become astronomical;"* the pipe of Pan was broken; the Fauns had left their sylvan home, the Naiades the water-streams; hushed were the harpings of Apollo's lyre to mortal ear; and the "Sacred Nine" no longer wove enchantment with the myrtles of Parnassus. Sunny as these superstitions were, believe not they were light to Plato. His was the age of philosophy, and he the teacher of Aristotle; it was an age of religious truth; the shades of Academus had witnessed offerings to the UNKNOWN GOD, and Socrates had died a martyr. Let us look deeper, then, and as

* William Hazlitt.

favoured disciples seek explanation of the symbolized and esoteric dogma.

The term "poet" in the Greek, strictly signifies a maker, and is confined, as Plato tells us in *the Sophist*, to him who causes a new or original existence. This definition is also implied in the latter part of our present dialogue; for Socrates is represented as convincing Ion, by a number of amusing *reductiones ad absurdum*, how entirely impossible it is that the didactic and critical should be of the same nature with the poetic. Such, then, being the characteristic in kind of poetry, and the originating a new existence its prerogative, let us inquire how the power which effects it can be the inspiration of the Muse and of a divine nature. The name "Muse," which is doubtless the theme of music and its derivatives, is said to have been originally given to the attendant priestesses at ancient towers and temples, reared upon rocky and jutting coasts by the family descendants of Ham, for the twofold purpose of religious worship and the burning of unfailing beacon fires. One of the sacred rites was the singing of hymns in a general chorus, of which some one of the priests was the leader and director. As their songs came floating over the hushed and star-lit ocean, how easily might the passing mariner persuade himself that they were no mortal melodies! How easily upon his return would he convince his less venturesome and curious countrymen, that celestial beings, goddesses of song, had cheered him in his memories of home and melancholy musings through the tedious and uncertain night! Be this as it may, the existence of the Muses once admitted, the Greeks as a nation *autochthones*, must needs place their habitation in their own land, and give them origin upon their own soil; and the poetical theogonist, who found a name *Pieria* in his own province, similar to an appellation by which the Muses were known, would not be slow to designate such as the spot in question. Thus deified, and their dwelling-place allotted, the Muses were but three in number, Meditation, Memory, and Singing. Afterwards, according to Varro, from the mistake of a statuary in the number of his statues, these three were supplanted by nine distinct spiritualities, among whom the patronage of the higher and the finer powers of the human mind was distributed. They were represented sometimes like the ancient priestesses, as dancing to a song in chorus, of which Apollo was the leader; and this was interpreted as a symbol of the harmony and close kindred which obtains between the powers they patronize. There was yet a different use of the word "Muse," in the singular number, as, emphatically, *the Muse*. It was a refinement upon the other senses, and was the impersona-

tion of that harmony which the chorus of the "Sacred Nine" but symbolized. This seems to be Plato's use of the word in the present instance. As such, the Muse is source of all harmony and of its pleasures; her's is the nature *esemplastic*, and her's the power, imparted to mortals different from the powers of our humanity. From her depends the magnetic chain, whose links are sympathy and whose attraction harmony. She is the Divinity who sways us as she lists.

In this nature of the Muse and its attributes, we recognize the modern doctrine of the Imagination. The imagination may be defined as a power *esemplastic*, interfusing, and harmonic. It frames and fashions, it blends and makes consistent. Its metaphysical character will best be seen by comparison with the Reason and the Understanding. The Reason is the ultimate arbiter, and has original jurisdiction over all things mental and of the nature of Truth, while the Understanding and the Imagination are as its subordinates and ministers. The Understanding hath its field in Nature, among all the things which *are*; it scrutinizes, experiments, and examines; while the Reason aids, and, in the end, decides upon the result of its operations. But the Imagination makes no investigations; Fancy, Memory, and Association afford it with material, from which it frames and fashions new existences like the existences in Nature. It may even transcend Nature; it may multiply to profusion, it may increase to immensity, it may destroy to annihilation. Its sphere is with the things which *could be*. Unlike the earthly Understanding, it has no horizon; it wanders from the real and the actual, to the ideal and the possible. The spirit is a chaos in which it frames an universe; it quickens the dead and lays low the living; it brings a new existence from the ashes of a former one; it touches earth with a wand, and a palace or a prison, in thousand-fold horror or magnificence, spring to instant existence; nay, its power floats in vacancy, and "airy nothing" takes "local habitation and a name." And such are the conceptions which it submits to the Reason.

The Imagination, as well as the Understanding, ministers to Truth: they both attain truth. For Truth is a generic, and is not confined to the real and the actual. The Imagination is as a causative essence of truth to the human mind: the Soul may *conceive* what is of the nature of truth, as well as the Understanding comprehend a truth manifested. The character and actions of Hamlet are of the nature of truth, yet they were never manifested in existence. It was a creative power which produced them. They possess the element of truth, and are a cause with effects; yet their original was Shakspeare. They have the harmony of Truth—that

harmony which the spheres ring endless through the vault of heaven, and with which the most trifling action chords to its begetting motive. And the reason of this is, that the personal being made in the image or idea of his Maker, hath portion of the Eternal Source of truth within him. Is it too much to say, that before the world was, while the elements of all things were "without form and void," the Divine Mind *conceived* an universe; the spirit "moved upon the face of the waters," and the mental images of all things were framed ere the fiat went forth for their existence? If we dare lift our eyes thus loftily, and indulge such a conception of Him, who "spake and it was," who "commanded and it stood fast," when they fall backward upon the sources of our own spiritual being, they will not fail to see similar and typical, yet infinitely inferior and modified originating power.

It is in the possession of this power that the Imagination hath a nobility and exaltation above the Understanding, which entitle to the epithet "divine." Nature is finite; there is but one Earth, one Firmament; the truths written in Nature are therefore finite. The day will come when the sciences shall have attained the utmost perfection which human faculties can bestow upon them; when they shall stand as rocks of granite, piled upon the earth till their top reacheth heaven, where the eye of man can follow them no longer. Even at this day, in what one of them can we see room for a single general principle? What then will be the sphere for the *original* exertions of the Understanding in the distant coming time? How narrow, how confined! Each age, in its *discoveries* of truth, forestalls the inquiries of its successor. Not so with the creations of the Imagination. For the Imagination is a *source* of truth: it hath the causative essence, and though that essence may never by human faculties be analyzed, yet it may be drawn from and may fertilize, long after its manifestations in Nature have been defined, and, as subjects for human search and curiosity, circumscribed and ended. The Imagination may be rendered as a fount of novel truth to the soul, and in all ages may be the same "divine power" causing new existence. Unlike the Understanding, it is not of earth; but as a living stream of purer essence, it takes the hues of earth upon its current, and doth mix and blend earth's substance with its waters: and as varied as those hues, as numerous as those substances, are the complexions of its tide. It softens and harmonizes; it turns to chrysolite; it fuses the various materials, rude and unattractive, to choice and comely fabrics: and each fabric is the peculiar and new work of its own builder. Did Homer anticipate Virgil? Could his Imagination forestall the Imagination of Milton? Does the grandeur of Sophocles dampen the fire of Corneille? Did

the pathos of Euripides or the sublimity of Æschylus dry the fountain, from whose honey-flow our own English Shakspeare drank inspiration?

But, thoughtful reader! it is left to thee to trace the Platonic allegory yet further in the modern doctrine. Happy are we if we have led thee to a point whence we have seen the dawning of a truth, the most ennobling to our nature, and fundamental of our finest mental pleasures.

C. A.

TRANSITORINESS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. N. GÖTZ.

Of human wo it were some mitigation
Did mortal fabrics sink as erst they rose,
By slow degrees. But oft prompt ruinwhelms
Loftiest structures.

Nought long hath flourish'd. Of men and cities
The fortune fluctuates with perpetual change.
Kingdoms require long ages for their growth—
Brief hours to fall!

The man who to an empire's overthrow
One day devotes, is liberal enough.
Oft 'neath a single moment's stroke, alas,
A people perish!

Predoomed thyself, a victim to pale Death,
Do not, because th' unsparing tooth of Time
Men and men's dwellings silently destroys,
Providence revile.

The self-same hour that call'd thee into life,
Call'd thee to death. Long, truly, hath he liv'd,
Who hath, by virtue and by worth, secur'd
A life eternal.

MORAL COUNSEL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. W. L. GLEIM.

ACKNOWLEDGE, seek, and love, and prize,
What's good and fair in Virtue's eyes:—
What's good and fair in Reason's sight
Pursue, promote, with all thy might.
Do this—do it with judgment still,
And ethic rule aye guides thy will.

VANDERLYN,
OR THE FORTUNES OF AN ADVENTURER.

CHAPTER IV.

City Civilities.—Terrific Tête-à-tête.

- "1st. *Watchman.* We charge you, in the Prince's name, stand.
2d. *Watchman.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you."
Much Ado about Nothing.

IN this plight, dripping and disconsolate as mentioned in the last chapter, I began wending my way up Fair-street, as Fulton-street east of Broadway was then called, and stopped the first passenger I met to ask the way to the City Hotel, whose name alone was familiar to me, and where I hoped to gain accommodations for the night. The celebrated tavern was easily found after turning into Broadway and passing a few squares southwardly. It appeared to be brilliantly illuminated within, and the sounds of music from the windows of the grand saloon, not less than the crowd of people collected around the portal, indicated that some great fete was going forward. There was a blaze of light in the southern entry, and several watchmen were stationed in front of the door to keep the crowd from pressing upon the gay parties which continually passed in from the carriages that successively drew up before the hotel.

I made my way through the motley assemblage of gazers upon fashion collected there, but not wishing to expose myself to the observation of the bevvies of fair creatures who were continually passing in, I waited for some moments upon the edge as it were of the lane of people that extended from the stoop to the curb-stone.

At last the field being perfectly clear for a moment, I thought I might venture, and emerging from the crowd into the open area, I darted toward the steps in order to make my way into the bar-room as quickly as possible. Scarce two steps had I made, however, when I found myself rudely seized by the collar, and raising my arm with a natural emotion—partly of astonishment, and partly from the first impulse one has to free himself from an assault so sudden—I received a blow behind the ear from a watchman's club, which would have instantly brought me to the ground if the other arm of the worthy gentleman who dealt the civility had not prevented me from falling.

"For God's sake don't strike him again," exclaimed a voice in the crowd as the watchman once more lifted his club, and seemed ready to strike at the least movement that should be made to rescue me.

"Stand back—stand back, gentlemen—lead him off, Dougherty, as quick as possible," cried another watchman; and Dougherty tightened his clutch with a ferocity that threatened me with instant suffocation.

"Shame—shame!" shouted the crowd. "Floor the Charley, young'un, and run for it; we'll stand by you, we'll stand by you," shouted fifty voices.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said I, at last recovering myself from the stunning effects of the blow. "It is my wish, however, to be taken at once to the watch-house; I want to confront this fellow with his superiors, and learn how he dares to assault a citizen in the street after this fashion."

"Och, an that's what you want, is it?" exclaimed the municipal officer, screwing my neck with knuckles that pressed into my jugular like a garote. "Come along then, come along, we'll teach you what's what."

"Slacken your hold then, my friend," said I in a voice still calm but thick with pain and passion; "I mean to go with you—I want to go with you;" and then as he tightened his gripe to the point that precludes suffocation—"Let go your hold, you infernal scoundrel, or"—

The first word of resistance had not escaped my lips before there was a rush of the crowd upon us. The club was again raised above me, but I caught it in its descent with a grip as strong as that of the watchman; while, in spite of the assistance of his companions in keeping them back, the mob pressed more and more closely upon him, and he was compelled to let go his hold upon my collar to take care of himself. At this moment I might easily have escaped. There was a loud shout, followed by a general rush, and the watchmen were borne forward by the tide the distance of a square or more. But I was determined to keep near to my assailant, in order to identify him and have him punished for his outrage. I therefore still maintained my hold on his club. At last he gave a sudden jerk, and springing forward at the same time, threw me to the ground; but still I maintained my hold. Prostrated thus, I was dragged twenty yards or more, until coming in contact with an awning-post, the watchman passing one side and I pushed by those behind me on the other, my knuckles were so severely bruised that my hand necessarily unclasped its hold. I fell perfectly flat upon

the ground, and the whole crowd passed over me, literally trampling me beneath their feet.

Will the reader believe me! I was not yet fairly in a passion, when I had at length gathered myself up from the ground. Hitherto indignation would have been too dignified a term to apply to the emotions inspired by the unjustifiable assault of the ignorant wretch who had thus blundered in his duty; but the elements were preparing within me, and were effectually put in motion by what followed.

I asked my way to the watch-house from the nearest bye-stander, and in five minutes presented myself at that enlightened tribunal, which nightly decides upon the liberties of our fellow-citizens. There were two worthies in session here; one a rather thin, puritanical looking middle aged person, and the other an older worthy in a red flannel shirt, and having an additional look of gravity added to his gray hairs by a pair of large silver spectacles which rested on the tip of his nose.

"I want the name of watchman F. D. No. 57," exclaimed I, marching up to the desk at which he was writing.

"You want? Who are you?" replied the worthy conservative of the people's peace.

"It matters not who I am, sir; I have been unjustifiably assaulted by one of your people, and I want his name in order that I can enter my complaint before a magistrate in the morning."

"I guess you're drunk," said the civilian, fixing his spectacles a little nearer to his eyes, and regarding me with a lack lustre expression.

"Give me none of your insolence, sir, but attend to your duty, and render me the name I require."

"And how do you know what our duty is, young gentleman?" said the other.

"No!" rejoined the flannel shirt; "how do you know what our duty is? You had better go home and go to bed—we haven't got any names. There's no use in giving the name, the watchman belongs to Captain ——'s squad," added he aside to his companion.

"Hark ye, gentlemen," said I, at last nettled to a degree I was afterward ashamed of; "it's your duty to know the stations of each of your watchmen, and if you don't know that to be your duty, you are a couple of blockheads. I ask you again for the man's name, and refuse it at your peril."

"Shut that door!" shouted the slick-haired one.

"Seize that man," cried he of the grizzly locks and red flannel shirt.

Slam went the door behind me in an instant, and, uprising from

the benches whereon they had been dozing before the fire, a couple of myrmidons seized and pinioned me in a moment.

"Into the cage with him," exclaimed Dogberry and Verges in one breath.

"Now, my friend," said the puritanical worthy in a tone of official sobriety worthy of especial praise; "now, my friend, see if you can learn to sing more pleasantly on that perch before morning."

There is a perception of the ludicrous in some men which I verily believe might lead them to smile on their way to the gallows. The emotion at least is so strong with me, that, however I might be suffering from the absurdity of others, I do not think I could help laughing at what under any circumstances was either ridiculous in their conduct or in my own position. In the present instance I actually burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter when I found myself thus whimsically attaining to the preferment of Tamerlane; while the only difference between our situation was that he had his "iron cage" to himself, and mine was shared with some half-a-dozen sots, felons, and petit-larceny rascals. This unseasonable mirth put the kindly custodians of the night into a perfect rage, and perceiving the effect upon them, I could not for the life of me help—irreclaimably malignant that I was—enjoying the only revenge in my power, by using the only member they had left at liberty. I ridiculed them in terms which provoked peals of laughter from my fellow-prisoners. This was, to be sure, not very dignified. But I then, as now, despised the dignity that was based upon affectation. The spirit of youth and fun was rife within me, and I let it have vent. But dearly, most dearly was I to pay for this folly.

The dark-looking, puritanical magistrate—if so he may be called—nodded at last significantly to his sanguineous and red-shirted companion, and taking a lantern with him, left the room for a moment. He returned with a big key in his hand, and releasing me from the cage, told me to follow him. A command which I could hardly hesitate to obey, as a watchman stepped up at the same moment, and, seizing me by the collar, raised his club in a menacing position, which forbade all attempt at resistance, had I been, enfeebled as I was, disposed to make it.

Our path led through the vaulted corridor beneath the City Hall, which, having traversed for a few yards, we came to an iron wicket, with a massy door of oak behind it. The big key was duly applied, and the heavy door turning slowly upon its hinges, the rays of the lantern, which was held in advance, fell against the walls of a narrow dungeon, whose stone floor was, however, not perceptible by the uncertain light.

"Here," said my chief conductor with a grim smile, as with a

sort of mock civility he took my arm and slightly urged me within the door. "Here you may break your jests at will, Sir."

"Surely you are not going to confine me here in solitude?"

"You shall have suitable company," replied he with a devilish leer. "In with you—you insolent scoundrel;" and a brutal shove sent me reeling down the steps as I hesitated upon them a moment. I turned to speak, but the door was closed instantly. The key turned in the heavy lock—a single pencilling of light shot through the key-hole upon the wall opposite.—I could hear the iron wicket grate on the outside, and then all was still.

Surely this must be a dream! thought I, as, groping about, I raised myself from the damp stones upon which I had fallen. I've wandered in a vision to the king of Prussia's dominions, and transmigrated somehow into the carcass of old Baron Trenck! Such doings as this can never occur in a free country! The vilest malefactor could hardly be treated worse after conviction than I am before trial. "Would to God," I exclaimed aloud, "I had these rascals but for an hour on the long beach, they should have a surf-dragging from some of my friends the fishermen, that would salt them through for ten years to come." "Hi! hi! hi!" gibbered an unearthly voice near me, "Hi! hi! hi!"

The salt, the salt, the salt, salt sea,
Ay! there's the place for you and me,
Where the pickled dead at the bottom lie,
And briny waves
When ocean raves
With bitter tongue do lick the sky.

hi! hi! hi! Good evening to you, fellow-citizen."

Good God! it was a maniac's voice!

"In the name of all that's merciful," shouted I in an agony of horror, "let me out from this accursed den!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the madman in reply. "Speak louder, fellow-citizen; they cannot hear you. What, are you quiet—come let's be loving, I've been wanting company hugely; where are you—where are you?" And I could hear him groping about in search of a tangible reply to his own question. Wet, weary, bruised in body and dispirited in mind, my nerves seemed at length giving way before the horrors of my situation, and I shrank and cowered in a corner of the dungeon like a child whose courage wilts before some superstitious terror. The resources of an excellent constitution were however not yet exhausted, and the clammy fingers of the maniac, as they touched my face and sent a thrill through my limbs, nerved them with new energy. I sprang from the horrid

embrace with an agility that carried me with stunning force against the opposite wall of the dungeon. I fell, and the lunatic was upon me in an instant. His diseased mind was now wrought up to frenzy by the mode in which I received his advances, and he grappled with me with a fury which the demon that possessed him could alone have inspired. The struggle was for life, and I knew it: but the thought, instead of paralyzing my energies, gave me happily the coolness which could alone avail me in this dreadful strife. In mere strength I soon discovered that I was no match for the maniac, and I gave all my exertions to escape from his grasp, in the hope of being then able to keep him at distance with my blows. But his limbs were twisted with mine, and knotted in an embrace it seemed impossible to untie. We wrestled and we rolled—rolled over and over again on the damp floor, that was soon slippery with the blood which spouted from my nostrils. Frequently did the madman obtain the advantage; but whether he was himself too much exhausted to work his will upon me as I lay panting beneath him, or whether some freak of lunacy actuated him as he paused and pressed his clammy cheek to mine, I know not, but each renewal of the struggle seemed ever and anon to bring us to the same pass. At length, after one of these desperate encounters, utterly wearied out with the conflict, and observing that, notwithstanding his hideous caresses, he appeared harmless when he thus had me in his power, I remained motionless while he lay prostrate upon me. But his gentle mood was only that of the tiger nursing his ferocity for the fatal spring. Giving one of the fiendish laughs with which he first saluted my ears, he raised himself, and sat astride of my body; and I could hear him baring his arms, as if with the deliberate purpose of strangling me.

“Hi! hi! hi! fellow-citizen, I have you now,” screamed he as he planted the fingers of one hand upon my throat, and was preparing to fix the others with a gripe which, on my soul, I believe Death could alone have severed!

But my time was not yet come. A piece of address, which when a boy I had often practised in wrestling, occurred to me, and was adopted on the instant. The maniac sat erect upon my body, and kept my head pinioned to the ground; but my feet were free, and, summoning all my remaining activity, I threw them up with such force, that my heels met around his throat: raising now my body as his thus lost its balance, I brought the back of his head to the stone floor with a force that must have made him senseless on the instant.

Of what passed afterward I have no recollection.

CHAPTER V.

New friends.—The invalid's chamber.—A military practitioner.—Gertrude Ashley.

"It seems as if these scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon."

Campbell.

"GIRTY, my love, tell your mother that Mr. Vanderlyn's awake. Ah! my dear, I was just sending for you—The poor youth has, I believe, at last come to himself, and you perhaps had better first speak to him."

My curtain was drawn by a female hand, and a middle-aged lady—whose features were as strange to me as were the tones of the benevolent voice which had just spoken—leaned inquiringly over my pillow, and asked how I felt this morning. "Do not discompose yourself," she added, seeing that I was all bewilderment. "You are among the friends of your family, though we seem strangers; and Dr. — says you must avoid all agitation when awakening from this long sleep, which satisfied him that the crisis of your fever is past."

"Fever! crisis! Dr. —! For God's sake, my dear madam, tell me where I am—who you are—what I am?" and raising myself in my bed as I rolled my eyes around the apartment, while pronouncing the last words I was seized with a vertigo which sufficiently indicated the feebleness of my situation, and sank back exhausted upon my pillow.

"There, there, my dear boy—how could you, Mrs. Ashley"—said the old gentleman who had first spoken, "how could you let him attempt to move himself?"

"You see, Mr. Vanderlyn, that you cannot move," rejoined the lady, "and indeed, indeed, you must be content to obey us in quiet."

At this moment there was a tap at the door, and a gentleman entered, who from his inquiries I soon knew to be Dr. —. He conversed in a low tone with the other parties for a few moments at the fireplace, and then came to my bedside. A rapid succession of ideas was in the mean time passing through my brain, and their combination, though still incoherent, was perfect enough to re-assure me considerably before the Doctor had time to pass upon his patient. The essential points at which I arrived were, that the events described in the last chapter had thrown me into a delirious fever, which, from the fire in the apartment indicating a change of

season, must have been of some weeks' duration. That my life must consequently have been in danger, and that I owed its preservation, under Providence, either to the skill of my physician or the nursing of strangers. Perhaps to both. Of the kindness of those strangers I wanted no other proof than the condition in which I found myself, and to them I instantly gave my confidence. It only remained for me to learn now how far I could place reliance upon the skill of my physician, to feel comparatively comfortable in my present situation, and I determined to trust to first impressions for my estimate of his ability.

Illness seems sometimes to have the effect of age in clearing the mind and tempering the judgment of the young, although, when the chastening hand is withdrawn, the pulses of youth beat as wildly as ever.

I looked Dr. — steadily in the face as he approached my bedside, and the first glance nearly satisfied me. But I was convinced that he was a man of sense before he had spoken five words, and I felt willing to trust him explicitly.

"I am dangerously ill, I believe, Doctor?"

"Seriously, sir, not dangerously. Your case, though at one time alarming, is so completely within the common rules of practice, as not to have required consultation. Medicine could have done nothing for you, if your constitution had not enabled you to weather the crisis, and good nursing rather than the Doctor must now do the rest." I offered to speak—"You must not talk," interrupted he, looking up from his watch, as he held his finger on my pulse. "I know all your symptoms better than you can describe them. You feel as if you were able to take some nourishment." He gave some directions here to a servant, while my kind hostess left the room to superintend them in person.

The disciples of Galen have, in all ages, been remarkable for a sort of mysterious bearing in the exercise of their art, which doubtless has its full effect upon the weak and vulgar, but which proportionably diminishes the confidence of those who regard all affectation and assumption as the cloak of feebleness. Dr. —, who had been an army surgeon, was the first physician I had ever met with who was entirely free from this trick of his trade, and he impressed me accordingly. Perhaps, too, my reliance upon his skill was heightened by overhearing a conversation at the fire-place, in which he betrayed what to me appeared the most acute observation of the temperament and disposition of his patient.

"Easily, sir," said he in reply to some question of Mr. Ashley as to the duration of my illness; "easily! we might set him upon his feet at once, but with a constitution like his the danger of a relapse

is great. His temperament is ardent and excitable; he possesses, too, if I mistake not, a waywardness of disposition which will not brook the necessary control of a sick chamber; and if he escapes a relapse in getting up too soon, the least exposure must superinduce a pulmonary attack upon a constitution thus enfeebled, especially with one of his peculiar make. His spirits must be allowed to improve only with his improving strength, and not be forced into life by the aid of medicine."

He then felt my pulse once more, gave some additional directions, and telling me that the only share I could contribute to my case was patience and submission to those around me, took his leave.

In hands so judicious, my restoration to health, though slow, was complete. Nor did I often—in the long weeks I passed as a valetudinarian—did I often regret the restraint that was imposed upon me. The individual who had thus taken me into the bosom of his warm-hearted family was an old friend of my father's, to whom, among others, I had been charged with a letter that was lost with my baggage in the accident upon the river. Providentially he was sitting upon a grand jury at the time of my outrageous treatment in the watch-house, and being at the City Hall when I was taken from the cell in a raving delirium on the morning after that horrible scene described in the last chapter, his kindness of heart had prompted him to take under his protection a youth of my personal appearance in such an unfriended situation. I was at once conveyed to his house in a carriage. A memorandum in my pocket-book had there revealed my name to him; and my father, as I afterward learned, having written to him privately the day before I left home to have an eye to my welfare, the sympathies of himself and family were all immediately enlisted in my favour.

Alas! how did I repay them? By fears and anxieties such as parental love alone may suffer; by cares and sorrows such as parental love alone may endure. These consequences of his generous, heart-free hospitality accrued however long afterward; and, as they will be detailed sufficiently in the sequel, I need not dwell upon them here.

For the present, then, though convalescing slowly, I was happy. Mr. Ashley being a man of affluence, his library was well stocked, and all the new publications were upon his table. The different members of his amiable family would read to me until the resource of occupying myself with books was no longer forbidden; and then, while I thus occupied myself in the morning, the autumnal evenings were beguiled with music; little Gertrude, or Gitty as she was called in the family, being the chief performer. A piano had been placed in my room for this purpose; and frequently, when morning visitors interrupted her practising in the drawing-room, the shy

child would come to my chamber to finish her lesson. My room too, had a southern exposure ; and some of her plants, being placed on the balcony before my window on the warm days common to an American autumn, she would often pass in and out while attending to them.

Nothing at this time could have been more innocent and delightful than my intercourse with this child. I sketched for her, explained to her the mysteries of inoculating her orange trees, and taught her how to class her shells, which, though not after a fashion which a conchologist might have recommended, still imparted the distinctions between the specimens that were gathered from her native shores and those which had been collected from some island in the tropics. In return, she would sing for me by the hour, and strive to harmonize her voice and expression to the songs whose poetry I taught her to render with truth and feeling. She learned at length to love me—as she thought—like a brother ; and I—I did love her—so help me heaven, did I love her like a sister, and a sister only. I have never known that gentlest and purest of feelings—as it must be—in its reality ; but my feelings toward this young creature, at this season, realized all that I had conceived of the emotion. But senseless must he be who could have studied a nature so winning, in all its first fresh attractions, who could have traced a mind, so meteor-like, in all its early windings, who could have gazed upon a face so rich in girlish purity and woman's opening grace, with less than a brother's fondness and a brother's pride. Her glossy raven hair, her features—not too regular—plastic to every bright and tender expression ; and with a contour which, added to a complexion richly dark, would have suited the countenance of a Spanish madonna, were it not for the deep, deep blue eyes, that spoke of a less passionate but not less tender clime—all made up a picture of surpassing loveliness which once to look upon was never to forget.

But I am catching the tone of the lover when years were yet to roll over us before Gertrude should know me in that character.

At length I was pronounced well enough to leave my room. My apartment was changed to a different part of the house ; and I now only saw my little favourite when making one of the family in the evenings in the parlour.

Mr. Ashley, in the mean time, conversed freely with me as to my views for the future. He told me that a plan I still cherished of undertaking the agency of some lands in the west, in which my family were largely interested, was for the present entirely out of the question ; and advised me, if I persisted in such an intention, to commence the study of the law at once, as the best preparation for the duties

of the station. He added, that though he wished me always to consider his house my home while in New-York, yet that I had better for the present engage boarding in some French family, where one great omission in my early education might be retrieved. I thanked him cordially for his advice, and expressed a determination to be governed by it in all respects. But before acting upon it in any way, I wished to bring the minions of the law, by whom I had been so roughly handled, to account for their conduct, and he promised me his best offices in taking the matter at once in hand. With this object we sallied out together ; and our adventures, which are worthy of a chapter by themselves, will be detailed in the next.

STEWARDSHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. W. L. GLEIM.

IF God has bless'd thee with much worldly wealth,
—With wealth sufficient thousands to support—
Ponder, oh man, thus favour'd, what is then
Thy prime imperious duty. Is it not
To count and to compare ? Thou possessest
What is withheld from thousands. Hence, begin
And count !

“ ONE ! ”

That ONE art THOU ! Nine hundred
Nine and ninety still remain ! Now direct
Inward thy thoughts— inquire wherein art thou
Better than these, or worthier ?—Thy reply
Lisp thou so faintly that no human ear
May hear it—breathe it to thy heart alone !
Then quick return—come back into the light,
The heavenly light of day ; and go, bestow
Upon the hundreds better far than thou,
And on the tens that more deserving are,
Some pittance of the ample stores thou hast !
—Thou goest ! thou givest ; Ah ! thou art indeed
Beloved of heaven ! TIME and LIFE dost thou
Esteem but as a twinkle and a span ;
And WEALTH, in thy regard, is vanity !
Prompt is thy will, and warm thy zeal, to serve
Thy fellow men. Of thy stores thou gavest
Their portions to five hundred, and didst share
The residue with *two*—who were among
The thousand best, as they the neediest were !
Noble Taledobar ! thou art, indeed,
A favourite of heaven !

Bless, great God !

Bless thou the honest, just, meek man of wealth,
Who—at the awful settlement which he
Of earthly conduct and his stewardship,
In thy dread presence will be call'd to make,
When thou shalt judge the rich man and the poor—
Shall not be found to have esteemed himself
Equivalent to thousands—fifties—tens !

THE STREET;

A COLLOQUIAL LECTURE.

ARE you fain, James, to divert yourself a little, after the fashion of Democritus,

"Qui videbat curas necnon et gaudia vulgi?"

Fancy then, when next you stand or stroll listlessly in Broadway or Washington-street—fancy every man that passes you to be Milton's Adam, and every woman—"Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve"—

"His fair, large front, and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule" —

"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love."

How large a portion of our handsome people, (so called,) our ugly, and our common, will the comparison sink in a moment to one dead level of ridiculous meanness in aspect and deportment?

The degeneracy is peculiar to the only race of animals that has been left free to play the fool. In all others, instinct ("instinct is a great matter," James) has preserved God's whole handiwork, unless thwarted or bedevilled by human domestication. Did you ever see a wild creature that was not perfect? The exception is, with them, any considerable departure from nature or perfection; with us, any considerable approach to it.

Habit alone, by slow and painful wear, reconciles us to the sight. When you were a child, James, did not every stranger's face look amusingly or alarmingly ugly? And since, are you not always disappointed, (is not every imaginative youth?) in the first view of a man, or the picture of a man, whom you have admired?

Nay, so wide and universal is the departure of the Actual from the Ideal, that all but artists and studious lovers of art, shrink—avowedly or otherwise—from the embodiment of this Ideal, in Grecian marble, or on the Italian canvass, as from something *unnatural*! Now, what is the Ideal, but the first and only model of the Actual? What is Art, but recurrence to that model: or the restoration of Nature, wrought by imagination; her vindicator and faithful child?

Yet were the Belvidere Apollo to become incarnate and don

clothes, you would no sooner think, James, of shaking hands with him as a brother mortal, than with any of the composite non-descripts depicted by the saint of Patmos !

Does not this give us a startling yet ludicrous glimpse of the interval through which man has slidden and sunk ? of the degenerate meanness of his thoughts and business ? of the sordidness of our civilization ? The mere revolution of his crooked thoughts, entertainment of his prone fancies, subjection to his petty cares, and doing of his petty deeds, have not only so debased his "fair large front, and eye sublime," that it retains scarcely a trace of God's hand or likeness ; but so intimately dimmed his mind's eye and numbed his heart, that he knows not "the evil change," nor recognizes as human the perfection of his original mould !

Not an unnatural mood, or practice, or day's life, I suppose, on the part of any man, or any of his ancestors, but has left its mark on him. Heavy drudgery—irksomeness of sedentary confinement—foul air for breath—intemperance, filth, and consequent infections—confinement of attention, and so of sympathy and knowledge to a few objects—the incessant pressure of abject distresses and servile fears—neglect and decay of all spiritual powers that can be spared from the daily toil for bread or gain—these miseries, which have been the actual, and many of which seem to be inevitable, ingredients of modern civilization—these are the causes, (operating and combining endlessly through successive generations,) of which we see the accumulated mischiefs in the puny composition and vulgar looks of the multitude that throngs the street.

How infinitely diversified are the whimpers and whines, the mumbings and lispings, the gutturals and nasals, that issue from their ill-formed and worse-used mouths, as an apology for articulate words ! What varieties of meanness, of sluggishness, of spleen, of conceit, of fatuity, of lewdness, are expressed or suggested in their features, gestures, and deportment.

And yet, James, we presume to think that nature, "*Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri !*"

Man has been defined "a reasoning animal," "a weeping animal," "a laughing animal," and "a two-legged creature without feathers ;" but much more emphatically may he be distinguished from all other earthly races as *an ugly animal*.

If old grandam Earth pursue her weary circuit till Saturn resumes his golden sway, men may once more come to know themselves for something other than mere blocks and links in a great labour-saving machine. From being *a piece*, James, every one will aspire to become *a whole* ; to recover the strict *integrity*, which distinguishes an absolute man from the mere fractional part of a com-

munity. The division of labour will no longer be deemed the all-in-all of social wisdom, nor gain-getting the one thing needful. But, taught wise simplicity, at length, by all earthly experience, and purified (haply, so purified!) by the fiery ordeal of measureless pains and shames, through which the race will have passed from the beginning, each man will devotedly take in hand, for ever, the great work of redeeming, developing, and enjoying himself. Throwing away his conceited appetites, and chastening his natural ones, he will reduce the daily application, requisite to satisfy them, to the compass of a few hours. The natural leisure, thus re-asserted to his own free use, he will employ in those wholesome exercises and under those wholesome influences, which infuse health, strength, and sensibility through the whole being. He will be what all primitive and grand people have been, and what every body should persist to be, despite any business let, a denizen of nature, familiar with each expression of her radiant face, tenderly alive to every throb of her all-bountiful bosom. In the sweet sunshine of the sky and of serene contemplation, every gentle, every generous sympathy will be ripened; the mean, the partial, the perverse, will be rejected from his regenerate nature, and he will stand forth, "in native honour clad."

COSMO.

THE GHOSTLY DRIVER.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

The dreary face of the snow-clad earth
 Had been touched by winter's hand,
 And the piping winds from the ice-bound North
 Came sweeping o'er the land.

The drifting snow before the blast
 Curled with a rustling sound,
 When the tramp, as of horses coming fast,
 Was heard on the frozen ground.

The rattling wheels in the moonshine bright
 Glitter as past they fly.
 Speed ye! ye travellers, by day and night,
 'Tis the mail-stage hurries by.

And colder and ruder the night set in
 As the steeds moved bravely on,
 And every muffled man within
 Now wished his journey done.

And anon, impatient of delay,
They shout to the driver bold,
"Spare not the whip, man—haste on thy way!
We perish here in the cold."

The wild wind whistled a breezy strain
And scornfully tossed the snow,
But the surly coachman that held the rein,
He said nor yes, nor no.

Steadily paced they the bleak hill-side,
And crossed the dismal moor,
When they drew up snorting, with nostrils wide,
And stopped at the tavern door.

Their driver aloft on his airy throne
How abides *he* the biting air;
He moves not—"Art sleeping?" they cry, "come down!"
Still he sits like a statue there.

Then cold as the grave, the ghastly sight
That chilled their curdling veins,
Revealed by the lantern's flickering light—
'Twas a dead man held the reins!

The icy clutch of the Norland king
Had seized his shuddering frame,
With deadly fang and flapping wing
Had quenched the "Heavenly flame."

His glassy stare was fixed and cold,
His close-pressed lips were dumb;
The bitter blast his requiem told
When the hour of death had come.

Alas! for her who watches lone,
And piles the midnight blaze,
To cheer the humble home of one
Who seldom thus delays.

But woman's love, and her faithful care,
Can warm his heart no more,
For the pulse that late beat freely there
Is hushed to its inmost core.

Now back, ye wintry winds! depart
To the frozen realms of the north,
You have carried death to one honest heart,
Grief to a peaceful hearth.

LEAVES FROM A LADY'S JOURNAL.

No. 4.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

The Cholera and its victims—San Luis de Potosi—Table Land—Artificial Lake—Salt Lake—Guadalupe—Gray Friars—Zacatecas.

LEAVING the arid hills amongst which Tula is imbedded, we perceived that the country gradually assumed the character of fertility, and in other hands might be a rich and abundant farming district; even in the hands of its present possessors it looked smiling by comparison.

The cholera was still on our footsteps, and at one little farming establishment where we passed the night, we were shocked to hear that a man was dying of that disorder in a cabin close by. A gentleman had then joined our party who was well acquainted with the Spanish tongue, and from the inquiries he made into the situation of the sufferer, we learned that the woman in attendance had done nothing for him but place some saints at his head, one in particular famous for keeping out drafts of cold air, which they consider extremely dangerous in all complaints. We recommended some measure which might have proved more efficacious, but the ignorant and unfeeling stupidity of some of the lower orders of Mexicans is equal to their superstition; and from what absurd or selfish motives I know not, they moved the poor man from his bed in the night, and placed him on the floor in the centre of the cabin, where neither saints, nor prayers, nor lamentations long withheld him from the arms of death. The women wept, and chattered, and seemed in a sad quandary. There were no men about the premises; they had all fled off to hiding places to avoid a party of soldiers who were prowling about on a recruiting expedition; when all who can carry arms are taken off by order of government, and converted into worthless runaway soldiers. Under such circumstances, what could the poor women do but turn out in procession, and loudly call for the intercession of the Virgin? They passed round early in the morning, a string of doleful looking beings, the foremost bearing some paltry image, and all joining in a hymn which they drawled out through their noses.

On another occasion we saw the corpse of a victim to the same disease borne off to its long home on a mule, tied up in a coarse blanket, and lashed to the back of the animal, which trotted off at a brisk pace, the driver following in full career, shouting and whirling his whip. The body had to be carried fourteen miles to its lawful place of interment, enjoined by church regulations, so that the priest might not be defrauded of his fee ; thus laying a heavy tax on the distressed and needy. These absurd restrictions were put a stop to, as the progress of the epidemic rendered them intolerably burdensome.

It may be observed, that after ascending the mountain ranges that lie between the Rio Limon and Tula, we found ourselves in elevated regions, far above the low countries, or *tierra caliente*, as that part of Mexico is called which does not by its altitude lose the characteristics of a tropical climate ; yet still we were rising, though more gradually ; and on the fourth day from Tula we passed what is called *la Puerta* of the Sierra, being the last mountain pass which leads to the table land. This was of easy ascent, the only portion of the road which might have presented any difficulty being well made, and paved at expense of government, to facilitate the passage of troops during some of their revolutionary struggles. It is a pass in which the flower of an army might be picked off by a band of well-chosen riflemen, the narrowest part being commanded by heights sufficiently wooded to afford ambush. In such a scene the followers of a Roderick Dhu might have concealed themselves, till the magic " whistle shrill " called an armed man from behind each bush and jutting crag ; a sight that would scatter to the four winds of heaven the whole assembled forces once led by Santa Ana.

This *puerta* passed, we shortly afterwards entered a level country, and bade adieu to the interesting scenery of woods and mountains. We had reached the table land, and on the following day descried, at the distance of several leagues, the city of San Luis de Potosi. We approached that fair city early in the afternoon, and observed with pleasure marks of industry and cultivation in its vicinity. About a league from the main town is a village of gardens ; a place in which every inhabitant seemed to be by profession a gardener, and the means of irrigation was amply supplied by numerous wells.

What particularly struck us was the immense number of *nopales* that grew in and around these gardens, bearing quantities of flowers and fruit in different stages of ripeness. The *nopal* is known by us under the name of the prickly-pear ; though as we see it here it bears small resemblance to the plant that flourishes in almost endless varieties on the high and dry lands of Mexico, where it is in-

digenous, bearing a fruit of various size and colour according to the different species of the plants, and which from its abundance forms a considerable part of the maintenance of many poor families at certain seasons and in particular districts. The commonest kind is of a deep red, about the size of a hen's egg, having a thick coating furnished like the leaves with innumerable tiny thorns. The Mexicans understand the art of ridding them of this forbidding exterior; I leave to them the troublesome task, and come at once to the agreeable substance that remains, cool and refreshing to the palate—sweet, mealy, yet filled with juice—melting away and disappearing, seeds and all, as fast as you can carry it to your mouth at the end of a silver fork; soft, round, and rosy, they are rather too large for a mouthful; but open your mouth wide enough, and down they go one after another, and a large plateful vanishes presently between two or three amateurs, and another is called for, and shares its fate, yet the feast brings no unpleasant sensation of satiety. I speak only of my own experience; there are individuals who cannot relish the strange fruit of a foreign country, and whose "stiff-necked" prejudices cannot bend to the adoption of a foreign custom. I am not one of these—I like to "prove all things;" albeit I am not always fortunate enough to "hold fast the best."

By boiling down the fruit of the nopal, and straining the pulp through a coarse sieve, a substance is made called Tuna cheese, in great request amongst the lower orders: it is very sweet, and about the consistence of new cheese. A spirituous liquor, or kind of wine, is also made from the juice of the tuna, but of a very inferior quality; and of the round thick leaves cattle are very fond after the armour of thorns has been burnt off. Looking abroad in the evening over a spacious plain, you may see in different directions the smokes arising from these fires, and the cattle gathering round for their evening meal.

Between rows of trees and hedges of the nopal we entered San Luis. Across the Plaza, and through streets where each door was crowded with curious gazers, we passed to the Meson, entered the gateway, alighted in the patio or inner court-yard, took possession of the rooms allotted to us, and though we remained six days in San Luis, I did not leave those gloomy walls till once more in the saddle we passed out to pursue our journey to Zacatecas, a distance of about fifty leagues. Whilst in San Luis, a fit of Anglo-American *mauvaise honte* was upon me, and feeling that our appearance must be singular, I had not the courage to walk out and make myself a staring stock, even for the sake of beholding the novelties of a Mexican city. I know that San Luis is supplied with water by aqueducts from the neighbouring hills, and that a fine fountain is

constantly discharging its waters in the centre of the plaza ; that there are fine churches and good buildings, and foreign residences, and barracks from which at certain hours the sounds reached us of drums and trumpets, as the soldiers turned out to relieve guard : but the sphere of my actual observations was confined to the patio into which our apartments opened, and in which a wretched set of beggars made their daily rounds. Unaccustomed to the sight of such needy, miserable looking objects, we felt half inclined to relieve them, notwithstanding our utter disapproval of all systems of beggary ; but they had no sooner reached our door than we were hastily relieved of their importunities by one of our serving men, who civilly ordered them off. Pedlars came round, too, to offer their paltry wares, and boys with trays of cakes and confectionary neatly arranged.

One afternoon the whole establishment was thrown into an uproar by an arrival. It was the Governor of Tamaulipas, who was passing from the city of Mexico to Victoria, the seat of government in his own state. In the first place two or three out-riders scampered into the patio, announcing his approach, and at their heels a relay of mules with their drivers. Then came several gentlemen on horseback, with baggage mules and attendants, followed by the lumbering old travelling coach of the Governor himself, drawn by seven mules, guided by two postilions. An empty carriage, carefully sewed up in canvass and matting, brought up the rear ; and this we understood was the state coach of his Excellency. The numerous train of animals disappeared through some doors at the back of the patio, where they were amply accommodated in large yards and stables, or rather sheds, quite invisible until those doors were passed.

In this patio I observed on several occasions a pair of large, sleek looking horses, stepping along with an air of conscious superiority, which was accounted for when I heard they were from the United States, and belonged to the wealthiest man in San Luis, a Spanish merchant, who prized them highly, and kept a Scotch groom in constant attendance upon them. A foreigner there related to us an amusing anecdote of those notable steeds, in which their owner played his part. On some public occasion, when the Host was expected to make its rounds of the town, this rich and pious merchant offered the services of his noble quadrupeds to draw the carriage that contained the sacred burden, himself being selected as the "Postilion of the Lord." Dressed in a showy uniform, with head uncovered, he undertook the honourable office. Decked with ribbons and roses, these pampered and heretical animals seemed quite unconscious, or unworthy of their blushing honours, for they ob-

jected strenuously to the unusually slow gait that was imposed, gazed askance on the assemblage of people in attendance, and laid back their ears in a way not at all expressive of admiration when the music struck up within a few yards of them. Their master was at a loss how to manage them, and his cheek blanched when they commenced some plungings and curvettings which threatened his neck as well as his dignity; the latter only suffered: their groom was at hand, and at the sound of his well-known voice the rampant animals became as tractable as lambs. In difficult situations, heroines are generally said to relieve themselves by a flood of tears; but our San Luis merchant relieved himself by a violent fit of vomiting! whilst the humble Scotchman was exalted to the unlooked-for honour of conducting "el coche de Nuestro Amo," or in plain English, the coach of Our Lord.

The open tract through which we passed on our road to Zacatecas was grown over with the maguey and the nopal, and many agricultural establishments were visible at a distance, marked by the dark clusters of trees which usually distinguish them. Leaving this extensive plain, we passed to the north-west over a barren, rocky district, such as are of frequent occurrence in that elevated region, and seem to form natural divisions between the vast plains that spread over the table land. Skirting along the side of a hill, our road still carried us upwards: below us was a deep chasm or gully, and on the side of the opposite hill wound the carriage road, which we, being without the incumbrance of wheels, avoided, and found ourselves, at the end of an easy morning's stage, in a little village, where there did not appear three yards square of level ground. It was a nest amongst the rocks, and there the churchman's pride had built one of its eyries. Frowning haughtily over a small collection of humble dwellings, a spacious old church reared its dark sides, supported by huge buttresses of solid masonry. Its lofty flight of steps descended into a neat little plaza, where "silence and solitude" reigned till the arrival of our bustling little travelling party roused the inhabitants from their apparent lethargy, and then they cared little about accommodating us, even with the shelter of one of their poor houses: these were not of the slight materials that compose the huts of the tierra caliente, but built of large unburnt bricks, called adobes, forming thick, substantial walls, the flat roofs covered in with plaster, and making altogether habitations better suited to the cooler atmosphere of the upper country. Near the village we observed a considerable tract of land that bore evident marks of former cultivation; but the soil was completely exhausted, and day after day we moved tediously over monotonous wastes,—

"With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as we go ;"

where the eye meets with no boundary but the dim and distant horizon ; yet this was the table land, where my imagination had cheated me into the anticipation of flowery meadows, and luxuriant pastures, with the verdant beauty of the north smiling beneath the cloudless sky of the south : the latter, indeed, was above us in all its tropical splendour ; but the morning and evening air was chill, almost frosty ; and contrasted unpleasantly with the scorching heat of the middle of the day, when the rays of the sun poured down upon us as though glad to find some objects on which to vent their force, and were reflected back upon us from the burning sand, or a soil of glaring whiteness, according to the particular districts through which we passed, burning the skin, and affecting the lips and eyes most painfully ; so that at the end of three days we found ourselves more completely disfigured and weather-worn than from all the exposure of the preceding voyage and journey. We had, however, the consolation of better accommodations, and better fare in the large establishments where we generally took up our quarters for the night ; at one of which, called *Espiritu Santo*, we were much interested in the sight of a considerable village with its adjacent fields, or rather large tracts of cultivated ground supplied with water from an artificial lake to which every water course from the hills in the neighbourhood was made tributary ; indeed, the natural formation of the country had been taken advantage of to back up the waters of a considerable district. A fine sheet of water was falling over a dam close by the village, and ran rapidly through *zéquias*, or miniature canals, which intersected some enclosures immediately in front of the town, in one of which we watched some women washing their Indian corn preparatory to the grinding process ; this was readily done by placing in the shallow stream a large basket, into which the corn was thrown, and shaken as in a sieve. A number of fine trees grew about these enclosures, and in the village ; and altogether it had an air of coolness and verdure quite refreshing in contrast with the surrounding plains ; yet how scant were its beauties and advantages in proportion to its capabilities !

We had not proceeded many miles beyond *Espiritu Santo*, when we saw our day's journey marked out before us, the road like a white ribbon winding off into the distance over another desolate, undiversified extent, as deceptive to the eye with regard to distance as is a sheet of water, so that you find to your sorrow you have leagues still to pass after having imagined yourself in the imme-

diate vicinity of the spot which has for hours been before your eyes, distinctly visible with its trees and spires. This was the case as we approached a salt lake, near which was the town with the sight of which we had so long been tantalized. A neat little meson received us, where the yards, the walls, and the very chambers, partook of the character of the soil; all was white, dazzling, glaring white, threatening the eyes with blindness. We were glad to walk forth and seek the refreshment of a quiet ramble, in the course of which we came accidentally upon a little fortified spot, standing with a most exclusive, aristocratic air, quite apart from the rest of the town: it might have been a little community within itself, with its plaza surrounded by neat dwellings, its small church, and parsonage adjoining, all enclosed within a wall, fortified, and furnished with moat and ramparts. We entered this miniature of a fortified town, walked beneath the shade of its tall trees, peeped into the moat, and fancied how a desperate band of Spaniards had defended themselves in that small hold against the Mexican revolutionists. Whilst we were yet indulging the travellers' privilege of gazing, and wondering, and prying into what did not concern us, a sleek and comely priest appeared in the piazza of the building we were scrutinizing; his attendant was in waiting with a fine riding horse, as comely as its master, on which his reverence sallied forth to enjoy an evening ride. He bowed politely as he passed, and bent on us a countenance in whose high features and haughty expression I fancied I could read the characteristics of an old Spaniard—a race that long held unlimited sway over a people on whom they trampled, whom they despise, and over whom they still exercise, as much as they dare venture, their proud, domineering spirit.

The next morning we passed over the bed of the salt lake: at that season it was dry, and looked dreary enough. It was a cool morning, and we might have fancied there was a white frost when we saw the salt appearance over the surface from which the water had been gradually exhausted during the dry season. On the banks were a number of large mounds of the salt earth which had been dug from the lake, and near them the carts in which it is conveyed to different parts of the country. Those vehicles look as primitive and uncivilized as the beings who are seen in attendance on them, and it is difficult to understand how a nation in this age of civilization—boasting, moreover, like ourselves, its descent from one of the ancient countries of Europe—can thus have gone on from one age to another without attempting any improvements, making use of the same rude implements, and uncouth vehicles introduced by the first conquerors—if one may judge by their antiquated formation. The upper part is a frame work of unshapely

sticks, having nothing to hold them together but leather thongs, or rather strips of untanned hide ; the sides filled in with coarse straw matted together, which closes high over the top, forming a peaked roof, the ends being left open, on the front of which a wooden cross is reared, sometimes bearing a small bell at each extremity. The huge indescribable wheels, with hubs as big as barrels, creak and groan as they turn heavily along in obedience to the sluggish efforts of two or three yokes of oxen, the drivers following on foot with canes eight or ten feet long, armed with goads, with which they direct their teams, and make occasional lazy attempts to increase their speed. I have seen several of these odd-looking carts moving in a long file slowly over a plain, creaking out a dismal concert ; a kind of baggage-wagon bringing up the rear, to the side of which is tied the stone on which the corn is ground, a griddle, a large fire-stained earthen pot, and haply a bundle or two of fire-wood, to serve on those desert wastes where no fuel is to be met with ; beside it a woman plods along bare-legged and slip-shod, with a large palm hat drawn on over her reboso ; the miller and the baker in a female form—but such a form !—is it a Christian woman ?—must I look upon her as a sister, possessing the same ties to bind her to the earth, the same title to immortality ?—Yes, truly—her little ones are calling to her from the cart, and the word “madre” sounds as sweetly in her ears as “mother” does in mine—she is a daughter of Eve as well as myself—the cares and the joys of maternity are upon her, and there must be a chord of sympathy between us after all.

We rode a little out of our way in the course of the morning to seek refreshment at some cottages we espied at a short distance from the road ; it was a dairy farm, if I may dignify it with so comfortable a name, to which it had no claim beyond a yard full of cows, amongst which some dingy-looking milkmaids were doing their work. One of them accepted sixpence for the fruits of her labour, a jar of foaming new milk, to which she added gratis a small new cheese, a few tortillas, and a lesson in Spanish, amusing herself by hearing us repeat after her the names of a variety of things. It is wonderful how readily a language is picked up in this practical manner ;—six months of such teaching are equal to six years of common school tuition. The domicile of my brown instructress is worthy of notice ; at least one apartment in which stood her bed, in which her wardrobe was strung round with a housewife's care, and the saints held honourable place. It was a “clay built nest” like a swallow's, and the “callow young” were piping their pleasant parts ; but the walls were by no means contemptible, for as low, and confined as they were ; seeing that a little attention to neatness and comfort gives grace to a most ordinary apartment. An

immoveable, and never-failing seat was provided against the wall round the room, as the Esquimaux Indians are said to furnish their snow huts, and like their's, too, it was partially covered with skins, or matting; besides which it was painted so as to form a lively contrast to the white walls, and one end of the room contained a mimic altar, adorned with many an emblem of Catholic piety, whilst in a niche stood the cross, with its appropriate image.

The face of the country was here diversified by hills, the peculiar formation of which attracted our observation. Their summits are as flat as the surrounding plains, and are, indeed, in the language of the country, called mesas, (tables,) which are in some instances of considerable extent, but are more generally cut up and divided by deep gullies, and large plains sometimes intervene between the hills; yet in casting your eye round on these elevated "mesas," it is evident that they are of the same height, that they are, in fact, on a level, and the idea immediately suggests itself, that there must formerly have been the elevation of that portion of the table land; or perchance the bed of a vast lake, whose draining waters have carried with them the soil, so as to lower the main surface of the country, and leave it cut up into unsightly chasms. These hills and plains are dry and unproductive, possessing no charms for the senses, no feast for the imagination—"No feast for the imagination," did I say?—I am wrong. Amid such scenes of desolation, the ideas, untrammelled by the soft influences of the luxuriant and the beautiful, wander at large, travel back to past ages, and trace in each rugged feature the mysterious works of Nature, the great mother—and oh, the great destroyer!—who with one hand scatters destruction, whilst from the other she pours forth beauty and abundance.

An old establishment, which had been devoted to the extraction of silver from the ore, was our next stopping place, and seemed to be the resort of the most disorderly, suspicious looking people we had yet encountered; according with what we had been led to believe, that the population invariably assumes a worse character in the mining districts. As we entered the village, we saw on an open space near half a dozen men playing with their lazos; they were mounted, and chasing each other at full speed, throwing the lazo, and when any unlucky wight happened to be caught in it, he was dragged rudely to the ground without the power to help himself; rough sport it seemed to be, and we fancied there was less of jest in it than earnest, till shouts of laughter reached us from the scene of action. Just then a wild-looking horseman scampered past us with a large game-cock under his arm, proving the elegant nature of his

amusements ; though we afterwards heard that cock-fighting is by no means in bad repute amongst the Mexicans, the most respectable of whom do not consider it derogatory to their dignity, or injurious to their characters, to be seen in a cock-pit betting large sums upon a favourite bird. Even priests do not scruple sometimes to show their faces there, and I have been told that it is a most incongruous scene ; for in the midst of the fraud and profanity which usually pervade such resorts, appears a devotee with a case in his hand, containing some saintly image visible through the glass door of the box in which it is enclosed. This is handed round, and many a profane lip stoops to give it the homage of a kiss, even when the requested mite is refused. Thus vice and superstition go hand in hand.

The next day we travelled through a part of one of the vast estates of Don Antonio Garcia, brother of the then governor of Zacatecas, Don Francisco Garcia, the determined, though unsuccessful opposer of Santa Ana. We passed lines of stone fence leagues in length, running over hill and dale, and stretching far away on to the plain, where large tracts were under cultivation, on which swarms of labourers were at work, and amongst them a number of women passing backwards and forwards with baskets of provisions ; and groups of them might be seen here and there seated, sociably chatting over their noon-day meal.

Our journey was now drawing to a close. Early in the afternoon Zacatecas was pointed out to us amongst a cluster of mountains that rise barren and rocky at the extremity of an extensive plain, concealing, as is believed, beneath their rugged exterior immense hoards of yet undiscovered wealth, in addition to the countless riches they have "poured so freely forth," and are yet giving up from their excavated depths.

Within a few miles of the city of Zacatecas is a small town called Guadalupe. On the plain near it are large cultivated fields, (if fields those may be called, which have not the vestige of a fence to mark their boundaries,) and in and around it are some fine gardens, to the produce of which Zacatecas serves as a market. In the town is a fine old monastery, still containing a considerable brotherhood of bare-footed friars "of orders gray," who retain a high character for purity of living, charity, and zealous piety ; qualities for which the Frayles are not usually remarkable : but such is the "odour of sanctity" that hangs about these Guadalupe friars, that sinners seek them from far and near, and to them unburthen their souls in confession ; and it is no uncommon sight to see a poor fellow carried to his grave in the gray habit of those holy men, as a passport into Heaven, a kind of sheep's clothing ; though

for that purpose a priest's gown, of whatever order it may be, is considered of great efficacy.

As we paced over the plain of Guadalupe, we little thought of the celebrity it would soon acquire from the deeds of arms of the famous Santa Ana. It was there the battle was fought that decided the fate of Zacatecas, and, it may be said, of the Republic. The army entered the town flushed with success, in hot pursuit of the fugitives, and thus it became the scene of pillage and bloodshed. It was into the plaza of Guadalupe that a few of the unfortunate foreigners who had joined the Zacatecas army, were dragged to immediate execution, soon after the sun had risen on the victorious arms of their merciless conquerors. But I am anticipating. When we passed through Guadalupe it was a scene of peace; for though "wars, and rumours of wars" were in the land, they had not reached that particular district. Zacatecas was, however, preparing to defend herself from the assaults of her enemies. Fortifications frowned on the heights round the town, and long lines of defence ran far away over the hills, which some workmen were engaged in completing. Military preparations were also going on briskly within the city; military men paraded the streets; military music resounded, and a few evenings after our arrival we were perfectly captivated with the performance of a band playing some fine pieces of Italian music, in a style superior to any thing I had ever heard before on this side of the Atlantic. It was many weeks before I heard it again, and then under different circumstances.

TO A LETTER FROM ABROAD.

Poor wanderer! whence comest thou,
With garments soil'd, and way-worn brow,
And many a foreign stain;
Bear'st thou beneath thy folded leaf,
Or tidings fair, or words of grief!
From climes beyond the main?

A weary journey hast thou past,
And won thy way to me at last,
Silent and trusty friend?
I bear thee from the crowd apart,
I press thee to my beating heart,
There let thy wanderings end.

Sacred to all but me that seal,
 For me alone those lines reveal
 A page of good or ill ;
 I care not yet to break the charm ;
 Rest, rest within my bosom warm ;
 Dear messenger, be still.

Yet say—whilst here sad winter reigns—
 Far, far away on southern plains
 Do summer roses bloom ;
 Scatter their leaves o'er verdure fair,
 And waft upon the genial air
 Their rich and rare perfume ?

Caught'st thou upon thy passing wing
 No token soft—no breath of Spring
 From distant orange bowers ?—
 Offerings more fair thou bear'st to me—
 Far richer sweets I cull from thee,
 To cheer my wintry hours.

As through thy written thoughts I stray
 O'er my glad heart with gentle sway
 Tides of fond memory roll ;
 And softly flowing, onward bear
 Each icy drift of cankering care,
 Till summer fills my soul.

SONNET.

'Tis Winter now—but Spring will blossom soon,
 And flowers will lean to the embracing air—
 And the young buds will vie with them to share
 Each zephyr's soft caress,—and when the Moon
 Bends her new silver bow, as if to fling
 Her arrowy lustre through some vapor's wing,
 The streamlets will return the glance of Night
 From their pure, gliding mirrors, set by Spring
 Deep in rich frames of clustering chrysolite,
 Instead of Winter's crumbled sparks of white.
 Lo, dearest ! shall our loves, though foreign now
 By cold unkindness, bloom like buds and flowers,
 Like fountain's flash,—for Hope, with smiling brow,
 Tells of a Spring, whose sweets shall all be our's !

P. B.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Inaugural Address, by Benjamin Hale, D. D., President of Geneva College. December, 1836.

THE position of Geneva College, in the state of New-York, not only as regards the rich and beautiful country by which it is surrounded, but in relation to the great state of which it is nearly the geographical centre, marks it as the site of an important and flourishing institution. Such if it be not at present, we are persuaded it must soon become; for no point could be chosen in the whole state of New-York better suited for a great seat of learning. Situated on one of the most beautiful lakes of the West; the neat, quiet and long-established town from which the college takes its name, is equally accessible from the Grand Canal or from the Erie Rail-road; while it lies sufficiently removed from the immediate route of either to feel all the invigorating effects of their trade without being molested by its bustle, or forced into mushroom growth by a transient population. It is, in a word, just the place where men of science and letters, could they but have access to a sufficient library, apparatus, and collections in the college, would delight to repair as a pleasant retreat from our pheezy, speculating, overgrown country towns, and our tumultuous and mob-ridden cities.

The Legislature, however, have never done justice to Geneva College, which ought long since to have been erected into a grand establishment, placed upon the most liberal footing. A great portion of the wealth of New-York is drawn from the fertile region which lies beyond Geneva, and the state should have provided as well for the intellectual wants of its rapidly growing population as it has for those of other sections.

The College has laboured under a variety of difficulties, which have obstructed its advancement; but these, we are happy to learn, are now removed. Very liberal endowments have been received already, and under the new faculty matters wear an auspicious appearance. The new President, the Rev. Dr. Hale, is an Episcopal clergyman of high standing; and his qualifications for the arduous duties he has undertaken are fully apparent in the discourse now before us. Professor Webster, who has charge of the mathematical department with which is connected chemistry and natural philosophy, is well known as an admirable lecturer and thorough instructor in his favourite branches. Professor Irving, whose scholar-like work, "The Conquest of Florida," has won so enviable a reputation for him, with Mr. Prentice, of Utica, celebrated as a classical scholar, are, with other men of merit, enrolled among the faculty; and give a character to the institution which needs only to be more widely known to enlist the strongest interest in its prosperity, and promote its pecuniary resources, which alone seem wanting to make it one of the most valuable institutions in the Union.

We now turn to Dr. Hale's Discourse, and our extracts speak for themselves. His sentiments are at once clerical, scholar-like, and republican.

THE COLLEGES OF NEW-ENGLAND AND VIRGINIA.

"It was certainly one of the most striking circumstances in the history of nations, that, in New-England, by the time the first-born child had reached the proper age for admission to college, a college was established. The forests were yet standing—the Indian was still the near neighbour of the largest settlements—the colonists were not yet independent of the mother country for the very necessities of life—and had they not been made of the 'sternest stuff,' the very permanence of their settlements might be considered as yet undecided. They were not too soon, however, in providing for the thorough education of their sons. It is a settled maxim, that the people cannot be free who are not intelligent; and far different, I apprehend, would have been the fate of these colonies, had even a few generations passed away, without the means of liberal and widely-diffused education.

"The same enlightened spirit was active in the Southern Colonies. That of Virginia was yet in its infancy, when the first efforts were made by its inhabitants to establish a college. As early as 1619, grants of land of liberal subscriptions were obtained for the endowment of the University of Henrico, and the close proximity of these advanced efforts of civilization to savage wildness, cannot be more strikingly set forth than by the result of the enterprise. The University was destroyed, and the colony came very near the same fate, by an Indian massacre. Before that century had closed, however, the college of William and Mary was in successful operation.

"And well did these and their early sister institutions serve the republic. To say nothing of their influence in providing a well educated clergy, and thus promoting the best interests of the colonies—although much was done directly by the clergy towards the emancipation of the country, and in the institutions of religion were found the firmest security to the virtue and therefore strength of the people—the eloquence nurtured at Harvard, rung, like a trumpet-call, through town and forest, to rouse the quiet inhabitants to the revolutionary struggle; and the intelligence and learning, which, starting from her classic shades, had been diffused through the whole community, had prepared all for understanding and discussing the principles of that liberty, which belonged to them as men, and was guaranteed to them by the British Constitution. And how many of the lofty spirits of those times were taught to reason, and prepared to meet in the discussion of the great questions at issue, the ablest counsellors of the old world, and to maintain the cause of their country in the senate chamber, or in negotiation—in the more southern sisters of our oldest University."

THE REPUBLICAN TENDENCY OF COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

"Free as we are, and born, as we boast ourselves, to a perfect equality, there yet is much disparity among us, arising from inequalities in wealth and station—a disparity which must exist, for the struggle for advancement, in which some succeed and some fail, is the means by which society advances; and success is the natural reward of industry and other virtues, essential to its well-being. But even this unavoidable disparity acts to some extent upon our offspring, and it is true and always will be true, that the sons of the poor, and those of the rich start unequal in the race. Now it is the good effect of colleges, so far as their influence extends, to remove this inequality. Just consider for a moment, that, if there were no colleges, the rich could still command the means of a thorough education for their sons, and thus would be able to perpetuate distinctions, which difference of fortune had begun. And let it not be imagined, that were colleges wanting, they would content themselves with such means of instruction as might be common to all. Many would seek to give, in expensive private schools, those advantages to their sons which the want of colleges denied them, and others would send them, as many in those colonies which were not supplied with colleges, did before the revolution, to foreign universities.

"In our colleges, under the existing arrangements, the rich and poor meet together. The rich can command no better means of educating their sons, and they are equally free to the sons of the poor. The enlightened liberality of state legislatures and of private citizens has, in many instances so far endowed them, that they are able to offer their advantages to all at moderate charges—and it has been the effort of trustees, and of college faculties to make such arrangements for the reduction of the necessary personal expenses, that a college education is now within the reach of any one, who thirsts for knowledge, and has energy enough to make the effort to obtain it.

"And no where, even in our free country, I will venture to affirm, do rich and poor meet together on terms so perfectly equal, as in colleges. No where are the artificial distinctions of society so little felt. No where do young men of different conditions in life, come so directly into collision, and measure strength so fairly. The contest is for intellectual rank, and it is on equal terms."

DIPLOMAS.

"Some may fancy that college degrees are remnants of the customs of other countries, which savour more of aristocratic parade than of republican simplicity. But would it be wise to abolish them? Is it not the degrees, and the advantages connected with them in reference to professional study, and in other arrangements of society, which secure to colleges their ascendancy? Degrees are the briefest form of certificates—known and appreciated in other countries as well as our own—and show, in the simplest manner possible, that the wearer has enjoyed the advantages of the highest institutions of learning in his country. Abolish them, and you will find that the rich and the poor no longer meet together in college halls, with the same certainty, and measure their strength in that fair, and honourable, and manly contest, which tends so much to take from the poor the discouragements of poverty, and from the rich the arrogance of wealth."

COLLEGE GOVERNMENT.

"In our republic, we need not only intelligence, but virtue; and for the advancement of individual character to its highest dignity, virtue is even more necessary than intelligence. You will expect me then to avow my conviction, that a college faculty should bend its efforts, at least as anxiously to the formation of virtuous character among its students as high scholarship. They should watch the beginnings of evil, and inasmuch as the leaven of iniquity works rapidly in our corrupt natures, they should take care that evil be stayed in the beginning. None should be admitted to college walls, whose influence will be corrupt, nor be permitted to remain, if once admitted. College government should be kind, but firm—seeking with parental anxiety to check error in its buddings, and to reclaim the straying, but never allowing the safety of the whole to be endangered through a mistaken tenderness to an individual. I say mistaken, for however unpleasant it may be for an individual to be subject to college censures, they may be as useful to himself as to the society. I have heard the effects of college discipline gratefully acknowledged by one who had felt it, as the means of his rescue and of his success in life.

"I need not say to a Christian audience, that the only sure foundation of virtue, is in religion—nor will they be surprised at the avowal of my conviction, that in the influence of religious principle is the surest hope of a wholesome college discipline, and that we cannot be faithful to our public or private obligations, if we do not endeavour to form the characters of the young men committed to us, to piety as well as to train them to useful learning. That form of civilization, which pervades the most enlightened parts of the globe has sprung from Christianity. The religion of Christ is the true philosophy of life, and the fear of God the beginning of wisdom—and the happiness of society, and the security of liberty are closely connected with the influence of the gospel.

"From these remarks, I trust I shall not be suspected of any purposes, which may be regarded as sectarian. I value religious liberty too highly to design any infringement on that of others. Our institution is, as all institutions of the kind must be, under the care of a particular denomination. The same is true of the other colleges in this state, and throughout our country; and it is not a circumstance to be objected to them, so long as they are managed in a Catholic spirit. Each denomination should do its part in the promotion of learning.

"The position of this College is highly favourable to the exercise of perfect freedom of religious opinion. There are within the limits of the village of Geneva no less than eight places of public worship of different denominations, and no impediment will be placed to the free choice of the student, or his lawful guardian, in determining which he will attend. And in the immediate vicinity of the college, no one religious denomination exerts a predominating influence; but of all the leading denominations of the country, there are individuals of high standing, great weight of character and personal influence, living together in harmonious society, and in a proper mutual respect for their differing opinions."

Terrible Tractation, and other Poems; by Christopher Caustic, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Aberdeen, and Honorary member of no less than nineteen very learned Societies. Fourth American Edition—to which is prefixed Caustic's Wooden Booksellers and Miseries of Authorship. Boston; Samuel Colman. 1837. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 261.

FOR a production so very successful in England as "Terrible Tractation" twenty years' ago, we should have anticipated a more extensive sale in these free, sovereign, and independent states. What! not buy a book which was universally lauded in the British magazines and newspapers! Suffer an American author, with a trans-atlantic reputation of twenty years' standing, to languish for lack of proper encouragement! Disgraceful!—And can this be true? If it were not, we should have spared the reader our points of exclamation. Now it would not be in the least strange if our intelligent community were to sneer at the work of a poet who had been simply extolled in *American Reviews*; but to neglect one puffed in London and Edinburgh, is not only strange, but "tolerable and not to be endured." Yet, how came we to know that Dr. Caustic's American editions have not met with a ready sale? To gratify a praiseworthy curiosity we will confess,—partly by inquiry and partly by inference from an introductory castigation, pretty heartily bestowed by old Christopher on retail booksellers—those generous, self-denying, disinterested individuals! He states in a note, that "their charge for commission is generally thirty-three and a third per cent. on the sum for which they *sell* books; and fifty per cent. on what such books *cost* them." This statement, to our positive knowledge, is far from being extravagant. It is not unfrequently the case that the retail bookseller charges the purchaser eighty and ninety per cent. on what he paid the publisher. For a work which cost forty cents, the charge is seventy-five cents. To the remonstrance of the publisher, that the charge is too high and the sale consequently restricted, the ready reply is—"People who wish for the book are as willing to pay that sum as one smaller." This is a narrow and contracted policy. It injures the publisher without benefiting the vender. The English plan of printing the retail price on the title-page of books, should be adopted in this country. Now we are upon this topic, we will, by Dr. Caustic's favour, entertain a slight argument thereupon. The difference between a publisher and a vender of books at retail does not seem to be sufficiently marked or distinctly understood. The publisher bears the same relation to the bookseller that the wholesale merchant of dry-goods does to the retail dealer. There is no trade or profession which requires a clearer intelligence or a more discriminating taste than that of publishing books. A publisher in our country should have a good knowledge of English literature, and from attentive reading should have acquired such just powers of appreciation that he may be able accurately to estimate the real worth of any manuscript which may be submitted to his perusal. A want of such powers cannot be supplied by the employment of a reader or the impressment of any literary man into the service. Literary men have peculiar views, and are often so actuated by their prepossessions and prejudices, that they are scarcely fit to be employed as counsel, much less as judges. Besides, they have very little acquaintance with the popular taste, and may, by being self-deluded, hold out false lights to the publisher. No man is fit to publish books who is not a competent judge of their merits. Moreover, were the literary censor employed by the publisher ever so capable—what man of business would not prefer to be the

director of his own affairs? If a merchant were about to purchase a cargo of coffee, he would scarcely employ another to examine the samples, and he would consider himself unsuited to his business if not well acquainted with the article in which he deals. Now, inasmuch as it requires a higher order of intelligence to decide upon the quality of a book than upon the quality of a bag of coffee, so much superior should be the intellect of the publisher to the intellect of the coffee merchant. Many London and Edinburgh publishers have been men of very superior accomplishments, as their friendship and intimacy with the most celebrated wits of the day would sufficiently prove—had not frequent returns to Parliament been made from their honourable body. But retail booksellers, and keepers of book-stalls, are widely distinguished from publishers. True—they occasionally publish a volume; but this no more constitutes them publishers, than the sale of one or two packages of teas would turn a grocer into a wholesale East India importer. Horne Tooke, when a boy at Eton, called his father—who was a poulterer—"an eminent Turkey merchant"—it is scarcely less grandiloquent for a petty bookseller to dignify himself with the title of *publisher*. A man may sell goods at wholesale and retail—so may he publish and vend books by the copy. At the close of that note of Dr. Caustic, which led us into this digression,—he asks—"What would be said of A if he should charge as much for selling *boots* as B charges for selling *books*?" This is scarcely a fair question. People must have *boots*, but *books* are a superfluity with many. If *books* were sold as freely as *boots*, Dr. Caustic would never have written his "Sublimated Proem." One thing is true, nevertheless: if the vender of *boots* knew as little about their quality as the vender of *books* about *their* excellence (beyond the print and covers,) custom would very soon desert his shop.

We extract from "Wooden Booksellers and Miseries of Authorship"—

"Reader, art thou possessed by pride,
Which may, unless 'tis nullified,
Cause thee, in running life's career,
To cut up capers, bolt or sheer.

Go, and by way of doing penance
Severe as can afflict earth's tenants,
Incur that greatest punishment
Job's ingenuity could invent:—

Drive, drive the quill by midnight taper,
Till thou art pale as foolscap paper,
And make a book with every quality
That should ensure it immortality.

Work like a beaver night and day,
Until without a trope you may
Be styled 'a meagre, muse-rid' wight,
Thin as the shadow of a sprite.

Let every line be stamped by care,
Each sentence an assemblage rare
Of words well chosen, well designed,
To amuse and benefit mankind.

Let life in mental toil be wasted,
Youth's pastimes pass away untasted,
Lest relaxation thwart the aim
Of honest literary fame.

When your brain-racking work is done,
Consult some book-controlling Hun,
A pretty chicken of our brood
His heart hard granite, head hard wood.

Lord, what an imp to drive a bargain!
 For nothing less than nine-tenths clear gain,
 Will tempt his loftiness to look
 Beyond the title of your book."

The following elegant vernacular phraseology the Doctor puts into the mouth of a bookseller—

" So, you're un *authorer* by trade,
 And rather *bad off*, I'm afraid;
 Your business is not half so good
 As blacking boots or sawing wood.

A clawless cat, in a certain place,
 Fares better than the sorry race
 Who hope by dint of hooks and crooks
 To make their bread by making books.

In fact, if every scribbling noddie,
 From New Orleans to Passamaquoddy,
 Was caught and set to hammering stone,
 I should be 'tarnal glad for one.

I totes my liehrachure from London,
 And were you *Yankee scribblers* undone,
 We'd work it well enough without you,
 Of course don't care a *snap* about you.

Good English copy-rights cost nought,
 Therefore your trash will not be bought " —

And here we stop, to direct the attention of our readers to the true *Marah*, from which flow all those bitter waters which authors in this country are compelled to drink—OUR COPY-RIGHT SYSTEM. We trust that the articles which we are publishing on the subject will be duly considered. An alteration of the law of copy-right, so as to embrace English authors, would make even Dr. Caustic smile. The Doctor's quarrel seems to be entirely with booksellers, and not with publishers. He published his own book, and "the trade" would not sell it. After having obtained permission to leave the edition at the shop,

" You coax the head clerk, Snapper Snooks,
 To give you leave to leave your books,
 But his cross master, Bildad Bite,
 Orders the poor things out of sight:—

Sends the loved offspring of your brains,
 Which cost you more than mother's pains,
 To some obscure by-place assigned them,
 Where none but those who hide can find them."

One might infer from all the preceding that Dr. Caustic was a very surly old gentleman, predisposed to snarl; but such is far from being the fact. Thomas Fessenden, Esq., Editor of the *New England Farmer*, is one of the best-natured men in the world, though he be the real author of "*Terrible Tractoration*." On this poem, which gives the title to the neat duodecimo before us, we will not dilate, as it has been so long before the public. With the exception of *M'Fingal*, it is the only humorous poem of length which has been produced by an American. The Hudibrastic metre is managed with much skill. In the preface we have an interesting account of the origin of the poem, and here we have a striking exemplification of the author's good nature; for we discover

that the satire was intended not so much to detract from the attraction of Mr. Perkins's *Tractors*, but to protract the public interest, which was beginning to decline in that species of magnetic humbug. The revival of this old subject recently in New England, under the name of "Animal Magnetism," by a Frenchman calling himself Charles Poyen, suggested to Dr. Caustic this recent republication of his formerly successful work. But the Doctor struck before the iron was hot, and the sale of his book will have to attend upon the celebrity given to "Animal Magnetism"—by certain pretenders to science, who are always ready to be gulled, so that the process be experimental. We doubt very much, however, if Mr. Charles Poyen can succeed in lecturing any large number of individuals into a belief of Animal Magnetism. When a man like Dr. Spurzheim comes to this country, heralded by a great European reputation, he has *carte blanche* to draw largely upon the credulity of us Yankees; and people, with some reason, run through bogs and quagmires of doubt after the ignis fatuus of a new science, when pointed out by a man whose talents were truly remarkable. But when an obscure individual of ordinary capacities undertakes to hold up new lights, people must be worse than idiots to pursue their false and feeble glare. We do not pretend to say that there is nothing in Animal Magnetism, for that certain persons have been put to sleep by its exercise cannot be doubted from the testimony of a cloud of witnesses. Indeed, we have been informed that, sometimes during the lectures of Mr. Poyen,—before ever he had commenced his experiments of putting to sleep patients trained for the occasion,—a large part of his audience had been thrown into a state of passive somnambulism by simply hearing him talk upon the science! How great then must be the power of its real experimental application! But this subject deserves a more effectual "rowing up the waters of Salt River" than we have now space to bestow; when we feel peculiarly "wolfish," we promise to take it up again.

Mr. Fessenden's lesser poems are written with a degree of the same force and spirit which distinguish "The Corn Law Rhymes." Of the latter, very celebrated in England, but known to us only casually by a few pieces published in the newspapers, we shall soon give a review with copious extracts. But our present author writes oftener in the humorous and satirical than in the pathetic or patriotic vein. His occupation has led him to the knowledge of agriculture, and in its praise we have sundry songs and stanzas in this collection.

The Daughter. A Play in five Acts. By James Sheridan Knowles; Author of "Virginius," "The Hunchback," &c. New York; George Dearborn & Co., Gold-street.

THAT Sheridan Knowles is a man of genius, there can be no doubt. There is haste, carelessness, looseness, and often no little obscurity in his dramatic productions; but they all manifest a breadth of design, a vigour of execution, which are the exclusive property of genius. His education seems not to be very perfect, and it would sometimes puzzle a grammarian to unravel the web of his sentences, but defects like this are all atoned for by the startling brilliancy of passages which would lighten up whole scenes of ordinary dulness. But Knowles is never dull; he is too rapid to be tedious for a moment. His very faults exclude any thing like slowness or insipidity. The drama before us is all Knowles's own. It is fresh from his mind, the true child of his imagination. The plot is simple enough. It is essentially melo-dramatic—a tale of horror,

relieved by the picturesque. The situations are sometimes terrific. The scene is a solitary coast, along which roll the mad waters of a sea, that hides buried rocks and dashes its high spray over reefs, which lock in the unhappy ships that venture within their dangerous precincts. Far away from the settled habitations of men, here live the Wreckers—a class whose unlawful occupation separates them utterly from any community of feeling with the honest citizens of trading towns.

Knowles states that the subject was suggested to him by his son!—Did not the son himself borrow the thought from his father's fine poem, "The Smuggler," published for the first time in this country in the *New-England Magazine*? The public is indebted for the drama, it seems, to Mr. Stephen Price, who challenged the author to produce it in a stated period. A challenge which was instantly accepted and met, with all its conditions, however arduous.

The character of "Marian," the daughter, is beautifully conceived and very happily drawn. We shall not attempt to analyze it or that of any other personage of the drama. The following, uttered by "Marian" when she goes to seek her father to detain him from his horrible employment, is, with the exception of one strangely ridiculous expression, which we have italicised, very fine and wildly dramatic. The scene is on the shore. There is a storm abroad—"thunder, lightning, and wind."

"Enter Marian. I cannot light on him, and not a soul
 I pass'd but I did question—Where is he?
 My brain will burst!—a horrible oppression
 Hangs on me; *and my senses do discharge*
More than their proper parts!—I see—I hear—
 Things that I should not—Forms are flitting by me!
 Voices are in mine ears, as if of things
 That are—and yet I know are not! Each step
 I fear to stumble o'er the body of
 Some drowned man!—There's one—A heap of weeds!
 O what wild work do fear and fancy make!
 Did some one cry? Well? What? Where are you? No!
 'Tis nobody! What is't that still keeps up
 This moaning in my ears, as if of words
 Uttered in agony? 'Tis not the sea?
 'Tis not the wind!—I hear them both. 'Tis not
 The wreckers on the shore!—they utter nought
 But sounds of gladness. 'Tis not the ship!—she's out
 Of hearing. Am I growing mad? What spot
 Is this I stand upon? What brought me here?
 'Tis here they say a girl one time went mad,
 Seeing a murder done! She was in quest
 Of her brother; and she saw a scuffle, and
 Approached the struggling men, just as the one
 Did cast the other down. Although, 'twas night,
 She saw a knife gleam in the lifted hand
 Of the uppermost! She tried to call—so she said,
 When reason did at last return—but power
 Of utterance was gone. Thrice it descended,
 With a dull, grinding sound; and then, a voice,
 Which stabb'd her heart and brain, exclaimed—"He's dead!"
 It was her brother's voice. 'Tis strange that fear
 Should be a thing almost as strong as death!
 Should shut the lips up—and deprive the limbs
 Of motion! Yet have I a feeling how
 The thing may come to pass. The girl alone—
 The men upon the ground—one 'bove the other—
 The knife in his uplifted hand—it falls!
 I feel myself a sense of choking; and
 My feet do seem to cleave unto the ground.

My tongue doth stiffen! Ha! (*shrieks*) I have broke the spell!
 I'm by myself! Another minute,—not
 The girl more mad than I! They are gone! All gone!
 The earth, and air, so thick awhile ago
 With things that neither earth nor air do own,
 Are empty now! Mine ears and eyes take note
 Of nothing but what is—the booming sea—
 The yelling wind—the rattling shingles, as
 The waves do roll them up and down again;
 And back my wand'ring thoughts return, to that
 Which brought me 'midst their uproar—to persuade
 My poor, misguided father to return,
 And from his lawless work restrain his hands,
 I have travers'd all the Westward shore in vain.
 I'll search the Eastward now.

[*Starts again at the same heap of weeds.*]

Not yet myself—

'Tis the same heap of weeds I saw before!

[*Exit.*]

The third scene of the first act is eminently picturesque. The application of nautical terms has a Shakspearean truth, which adds greatly to the effect. Robert, the father of "Marian," is seated in his cottage, and occupied in splicing an oar, while thus he talks with a comrade:

Robert. Well, Stephen! what of a ship?

Stephen. She's under way
 With every yard of canvass spread.

Robert. The wind
 Is fair.

Stephen. A point, or more, abaft the beam.
 A ten-knot breeze, and steady.

Robert. So it seems.
 'Twill change ere night.

Stephen. I see no signs of it.

Robert. You know them not when do you see them, Stephen;
 Though a good sailor, you're a young one yet;
 But I am old acquaintance of the weather.
 'A point,' you say, 'or more abaft the beam?'
 Then is the vane north-west. Ne'er heed the vane,
 Look ever to the cloud, the weather-cock
 Behoves the shipman heed, which tells what wind
 Will come. How steers the cloud?

Stephen. North-west.

Robert. That's right
 Against the ship which now sails with the wind!
 Now mark my words! Ere night the wind will take
 Her merry sails aback, and talk to her!
 And bid her clew her topgallants up!
 There will be call for reefs, and work for sheets
 And halyards! 'Fore sheet, fore top bowling!
 Throughout the night will keep a busy watch!
 But she'll have sea-room, and no gull more light
 Doth sit the wave than she. Here! Lend a hand!
 [*Stephen goes to Robert, and assists him.*]

Where's Marian?

Stephen. I left her on the beach
 Following the 'parting ship with all her eyes!
 I call'd to her—the sands on which she stood
 Had ears as much as she! She heard me not.
 I turn'd to mark if she did follow me—
 As well expect the sea. It mov'd, but she
 Stood still—in plight as sad as barque that's driven

Upon a quick-sand, settling fast, and sure
Never to come away!

Robert. Her mother's vein
Is in the girl!—So fond a wife was she,
That marriage, which with most is end of love,
With me was only the beginning on't!—
She had been early sent to school—remain'd there
'Till she could teach where first she had been taught.
You see the girl she made my Marian!
She made me good, for she was goodness 'self,
Reclaim'd me from a wrecker, for a time.
But evil habits, Stephen, like old sores,
Are seldom safe from breaking out again!
One night arose the cry 'A ship on shore!'
I had been out carousing at a wedding—
The love of my old trade came strong upon me—
Down to the beach I flew and fell to work.
Unheeding she did follow. Three whole hours
Remained she standing in the pelting storm!
I found her with the blood wash'd out of her
White as our cliff—cold, stiff, and motionless.
My ill-got spoil I soon exchang'd for her,
Nor set her down 'till in our bed I laid her—
But heaven did know she was too good for me;
For from that bed she never rose again! [*Turns from Stephen.*
What of the ship? Go to the door and see!

Stephen. She's hull down.

Robert. Any other sail in sight?

Stephen. Three to Westward.

Robert. Up or down channel?—which?

Stephen. Up channel do they bear.

Robert. One of the three
May come ashore to-night.

Stephen. The ship has chang'd
Her course!

Robert. The wind has chang'd!—'Tis right ahead!
She's on the larboard tack—Is it not so?

Stephen. It is.

Robert. It looks thick weather round the ship,
Does not it?

Stephen. Yes.

Robert. And 'twill grow thicker! Storm
Is in the air, though here 'tis sunshine still.
I feel it! It will blow great guns to-night;
The scud will gallop and the waves will leap!
A cloud has just come o'er the sun! What kind
Of cloud?

Stephen. A streaky, one, and black and low,
Stretching from East to West, and in its wake
A fleet of others.

Robert. To be sure! I know it
As well as you that see it. Get my axe,
Boat-hook, and grapple—lay them here beside me.
[*Stephen goes out and returns with the things.*

A storm is coming on from the South-East,
Right from the sea—full on the shore! The ship
Is lost that keeps not a good offing, for
The sea, in such a wind as cometh on,
Rolls in like a spring-tide, and surely sweeps
Into our bay the unwary barque, that hugs
This iron-bound inhospitable shore!
What offing keep the ships?

- Stephen.* Two miles, the first,
And more.
- Robert.* She's safe. The second?
- Stephen.* Scarce a mile.
- Robert.* She'll have her work to do to clear the bay!
Behoves her to sail well upon a wind!
Lie high! Be lively in her stays! The third?
- Stephen.* Not half a mile. The first ship is about!
- Robert.* The wind has come to her! That's the new wind
I told you of!—the wind that brings the storm!
Will make the tackle sing! the bulk-heads creak!
Try braces, shrouds and all! The very wind
For the wrecker! I did see it at one o'clock!
- Stephen.* The second ship is now about.
- Robert.* She is?
- Stephen.* And bearing from the land. The third ship—
- Robert.* Ay?
- Well, what of her?—Is she about too?
- Stephen.* No,
She misses stays! They ware her!
- Robert.* Is she deep?
- Stephen.* She is.
- Robert.* Within the head?
- Stephen.* Within the head.
- Robert.* How far?
- Stephen.* A quarter of a mile.
- Robert.* A wreck!
Sure as she's now afloat!"

We like not our author's constant use of the auxiliaries "do," "did," "doth;" they seem to be used for eking out the lines to their proper measures, but they weaken and lame the verse. We could point out whole passages enfeebled by this peculiar fondness for little, insignificant words.

"Black Norris" is a villain drawn in colours of the deepest die. "Wolf," his confederate, is no less a villain, but he is more tender of conscience. The concluding scene, in which Wolf returns to declare his part in the perpetration of the darkest crime of which man can be guilty, is executed with the hand of a dramatic Rubens. Norris, having succeeded in his designs, is about to be married to the wretched Marian, who consented to make the sacrifice to save her father's life. As the gloomy bridal party are about to approach the altar, Wolf, whom Morris thought dead, rises—Norris lets go Marian's hand, and recoils with horror. At length he exclaims—

- "Norris. Hell! what is here?
Like something from a grave, or from the sea
Cast up untimely and unnaturally;
Or, worse, a prisoner from the evil place,
If such there be, let out to harrow me
Before my time—affright me into madness!
- Edward.* Speak not! observe!
- Norris.* Wolf!—Wolf!—It is his eyes—
Features—but not the life that moved in them—
His form without his blood! Is it a thing
That breathes, or only would be thought to breathe?
Wolf!—I would rush upon it, but my fears
Are bolts that pin me to the spot! Is it come
To tell upon me? Cause of blame to him
I gave not; he went cramm'd with gold away!

Edward. [*to Clergyman.*] Do you hear?—That man has been a partner
with him

In some black deed!

Wolf. I have fled over sea, over land,
To get away from it!—It follows me!
I have plunged into riot!—I have tried
What solitude would do!—It talks to me!
I see it in the dead of night as well
As in the noon of day. 'Tis only here
I have got a respite from it yet! In crowds
I have been alone, with it glaring upon me,
Gnashing its teeth, and yelling in mine ears!
But there's another here doth come between
With mild regards, and placid shining face,
And gentle voice which makes, albeit so soft,
My torturers unheard, crying, 'Repent!
Confess!—Repent! Confess!'

Norris. Confess!

Wolf. I will
Repent, I will confess!—then am I free!
I am a murderer.

Norris. Be thou the fiend—I'll know thee!

Wolf! (*rushing up and seizing him.*)

Wolf. Norris!—What, has it been following thee?

Norris. Peace!

Wolf. (*furiously.*) But there is no peace! It howls, and howls.
No foot is fleet enough to distance it,
To 'scape the horror of its teeth;—the bloodhound,—
No stream that you can wade will clear thee from,—
That never gives you respite!—except here?
Here is a chance! This is a place methinks
He cannot enter; he has hunted me
Till he has driv'n me wild, but since I'm here
His bay methinks begins to die away.
Words have been whispered me, at hearing which
'Twas told me he would slacken in his chase.—
'Repent!—Confess!' those were the words I heard.
I will!—I do!—I am a murderer.

Norris. Coward, where is my gold?

Wolf. All clotted o'er!—
Corroded, crumbled with the old man's blood
Which thou lett'st out, and I did leave to spill!—

Norris. Fiend!

Wolf. Do not rave at me! I did not know
It was your father!

Edward. Hear ye?

Norris. Villain!—die!
With a lie in thy throat!

[*Stabs Wolf.*

Clergyman. Stop, wretch!

Wolf. Thou hast murdered me!
And but for thee I had not murdered him!
But in my soul's strait, on the brink of death
I'll show thee ruth as I do hope to me
That mercy will be shown!—'Repent! Confess!'
I hear not now the hound!—'twill stop with thee
If there be mercy for a parricide.

[*Dies.*

Norris. You would not listen to a lunatic!

Clergyman. At least, unhappy! thou'rt a murderer!

Norris. Which of you would not kill a mad dog? Come!
You've no right to hold me! Show me first
Your warrant, without which you cannot take
A man that's free to prison!—Just as well

Hang me without a trial!—Let me breathe!
 Give me a moment's pause!—let my arms free!
 O, could I use them now! The blackest curse
 That lips can utter—heart conceive—alight
 On all who enter here!—May the roof fall
 And bury you alive—may it be in flames!
 And every door and window fast upon you!
 My blood lie at your doors!—the best among ye
 Is worse than I! My blood be on you all! [*He is dragged out.*]

Edward, the betrothed of Marian, only excites an interest by his connection with her. We wish that the author had bestowed more labour on this character. The piece was evidently intended to rest on the capable performance of the only female in it, "Marian"—after whom the play-bills, more felicitously than the dramatist, have entitled it "The Wrecker's Daughter." Mr. Knowles will be glad to learn, that, no less popular in the closet than on the stage, his last play has passed already through two American editions.

When the new Copyright Law, granting to authors, English as well as American, the privilege of taking out "a patent" for the work of their brains, shall have been established by Congress, we trust that that subject will lead also to a consideration of the rights of dramatic authors; so that a bill may be passed, similar to that carried by Mr. Bulwer through Parliament, ordering that all foreign and native dramatic authors shall receive a reasonable compensation from the managers of theatres for each and every representation of their respective plays.

Paulding's Works; Vols. XII, XIII, XIV. Harpers.

THE Dutchman's Fireside and the Book of St. Nicholas occupy these three numbers of the beautiful edition of Paulding's works, now in course of publication by the Harpers. The last is one of the very best of this popular author's writings, and the only story we have yet read in the first, "The Ghost," is worth a volume. They are done up in a style of neatness which well adapts them for the library.

Gleanings in Europe; by the Author of the Spy, &c., 2 Vols. Carey, Lea and Blanchard. Philadelphia.

MR. COOPER has here given a useful book to his countrymen. We say his countrymen, for though the views and opinions of such a writer upon European society must prove interesting everywhere, yet it is for the benefit of his countrymen chiefly that these sketches of men and manners are designed. The style is flowing and natural, and the details are given in a familiar style that make the letters exceedingly readable and entertaining. The author, of course, has a keen eye for every thing that is striking or peculiar among the scenes or the people mid which he travels; but his perceptions seem never to be so much concentrated upon things around him but that he can give a side glance to matters in his own country with which they may be compared; and this mode of treating his subjects, we need hardly say, adds much to their interest, while shaping and fixing, as it were, the instructiveness with which they are imbued.

We make a long quotation, which illustrates in a curious manner an apocryphal science which has come again in vogue in Paris, and whose strange illusions it is said are producing converts to it in this country.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

"To deal gravely with a subject that, at least, baffles our comprehension, there are certainly very extraordinary things related of animal magnetism, and apparently on pretty good testimony. Take, for instance, a single fact. *M. Jules Cloquet* is one of the cleverest practitioners of Paris, and is in extensive business. This gentleman publicly makes the following statement. I write it from memory, but have heard it and read it so often, that I do not think my account will contain any essential error.

"A woman who was subject to the magnetic influence, or who was what is commonly called a *somnambule*, had a cancer in the breast. *M. —*, one of the principal magnetisers of Paris, and from whom, among others, I have had an account of the whole affair, was engaged to magnetise this woman, while *M. Cloquet* operated on the diseased part. The patient was put asleep, or rather into the magnetic trance, for it can scarcely be called sleep, and the cancer was extracted, without the woman's manifesting the least terror, or the slightest sense of pain! To the truth of the substance of this account, *M. Cloquet*, who does not pretend to explain the reason, nor profess to belong, in any way, to the school, simply testifies. He says that he had such a patient, and that she was operated on, virtually, as I have told you. Such a statement, coming from so high a source, induced the Academy, which is certainly not altogether composed of magnetisers, but many of whose members are quite animal enough to comprehend the matter, to refer the subject to a special committee, which committee, I believe, was comprised of very clever men. The substance of their report was pretty much what might have been anticipated. They said that the subject was inexplicable, and that 'animal magnetism' could not be brought within the limits of any known laws of nature. They might have said the same thing of the comets! In both cases we have facts, with a few established consequences, but are totally without elementary causes.

"Animal magnetism is clearly one of three things: it is what it pretends to be, an unexplained and as yet incomprehensible physical influence; it is delusion; or it is absolute fraud.

"A young countryman of ours, having made the acquaintance of *M. C—*, professionally, and being full of the subject, I have so far listened to his entreaties as to inquire personally into the facts, a step I might not have otherwise been induced to take.

"I shall now proceed to the history of my own experience in this inexplicable mystery. We found *M. C—* buried in the heart of Paris, in one of those vast old hotels, which give to this town the air of generations of houses, commencing with the quaint and noble of the sixteenth century, and ending with the more fashionable pavilion of our own times. His cabinet looked upon a small garden, a pleasant transition from the animal within to the vegetable without. But one meets with gardens, with their verdure, and shrubbery and trees, in the most unexpected manner, in this crowded town.

"*M. C—* received us politely, and we found with him one of his *somnambules*, but as she had just come out of a trance, we were told she could not be put asleep again that morning. Our first visit therefore went no farther than some discourse on the subject of 'animal magnetism,' and a little practical by-play, that shall be related in its place.

"*M. C—* did not attempt ascending to first principles, in his explanations. Animal magnetism was animal magnetism—it was a fact, and not a theory. Its effects were not to be doubted; they depended on testimony of sufficient validity to dispose of any mere question of authenticity. All that he attempted was hypothesis, which he invited us to controvert. He might as well have desired me to demonstrate that the sun is not a carbuncle. On the *modus operandi*, and the powers of his art, the doctor was more explicit. There were a great many gradations in quality in his *somnambules*, some being better and some worse; and there was also a good deal of difference in the intensity of the magnetisers. It appears to be settled that the best *somnambules* are females, and the best magnetisers males, though the law is not absolute. I was flattered with being, by nature, a first-rate magnetiser, and the doctor had not the smallest doubt of his

ability to put me to sleep; an ability, so far as his theory went, I thought it was likely enough he might possess, though I greatly questioned his physical means.

"I suppose it is *prima facie* evidence of credulity, to take the trouble to inquire into the subject at all; at any rate, it was quite evident I was set down as a good subject, from the moment of my appearance. Even the *somnambule* testified to this, though she would not then consent to be put into a trance in order to give her opinion its mystical sanction.

"The powers of a really good *somnambule* are certainly of a very respectable class. If a lock of hair be cut from the head of an invalid, and sent a hundred leagues from the provinces, such a *somnambule*, properly magnetised, becomes gifted with the faculty to discover the seat of the disease, however latent; and, by practice, she may even prescribe the remedy, though this is usually done by a physician, like M. C—, who is regularly graduated. The *somnambule* is, properly, only versed in pathology, any other skill she may discover being either a consequence of this knowledge, or the effects of observation and experience. The powers of a *somnambule* extend equally to the *morale* as well as to the *physique*. In this respect a phrenologist is a pure quack in comparison with a lady in a trance. The latter has no dependence on bumps and organs, but she looks right through you, at a glance, and pronounces *ex cathedra* whether you are a rogue, or an honest man; a well disposed, or an evil disposed child of Adam. In this particular, it is an invaluable science, and it is a thousand pities all young women were not magnetised before they pronounce the fatal vows, as not a few of them would probably wake up, and cheat the parson of his fee. Our sex is difficult to be put asleep, and are so obstinate, that I doubt if they would be satisfied with a shadowy glimpse of the temper and dispositions of their mistresses.

"You may possibly think I am trifling with you, and that I invent as I write. On the contrary, I have not related one half of the miraculous powers which being magnetised imparts to the thoroughly good *somnambule*, as they were related to me by M. C—, and vouched for by four or five of his patients who were present, as well as by my own companion, a firm believer in the doctrine. M. C— added that *somnambules* improve by practice, as well as *magnetisers*, and that he has such command over one of his *somnambules* that he can put her to sleep, by a simple effort of the will, although she may be in her own apartment, in an adjoining street. He related the story of M. Cloquet and the cancer, with great unction, and asked me what I thought of that? Upon my word, I did not very well know what I did think of it, unless it was to think it very queer. It appeared to me to be altogether extraordinary, especially as I knew M. Cloquet to be a man of talents, and believe him to be honest.

"By this time I was nearly magnetised with second-hand facts; and I became a little urgent for one or two that were visible to my own senses. I was promised more testimony, and a sight of the process of magnetising some water that a patient was to drink. This patient was present; the very type of credulity. He listened to every thing that fell from M. C— with a *gusto* and a faith that might have worked miracles truly, had it been of the right sort, now and then turning his good-humoured marvel-eating eyes on me, as much as to say, 'what do you think of that, now?' My companion told me, in English, he was a man of good estate, and of proved philanthropy, who had no more doubt of the efficacy of animal magnetism than I had of my being in the room. He had brought with him two bottles of water, and these M. C— magnetised, by pointing his fingers at their orifices, rubbing their sides, and ringing his hands about them, as if washing them, in order to disengage the subtle fluid that was to impart to them their healing properties, for the patient drank no other water.

"Presently a young man came in, of a good countenance, and certainly of a very respectable exterior. As the *somnambule* had left us, and this person could not consult her, which was his avowed intention in coming, M. C— proposed to let me see his own power as a magnetiser, in an experiment on this patient. The young man consenting, the parties were soon prepared. M. C— began by telling me, that he would, by a *transfusion of his will*, into the body of the patient, compel him to sit still, although his own desire should be to rise. In order to achieve this, he placed himself before the young man, and threw off the fluid from his fingers' ends, which he kept in a cluster, by constant forward gestures of the arms. Sometimes he held the fingers pointed at some particular part of the body, the heart in preference, though the brain would have been more poetical. The young man certainly did not rise; neither did I, nor any one else

in the room. As this experiment appeared so satisfactory to every body else, I was almost ashamed to distrust it, easy as it really seemed to sit still, with a man flourishing his fingers before one's eyes.

I proposed that the doctor should see if he could pin me down, in this invisible fashion, but this he frankly admitted he did not think he could do *so soon*, though he foresaw I would become a firm believer in the existence of animal magnetism, ere long, and a public supporter of its wonders. In time, he did not doubt his power to work the same miracle on me. He then varied the experiment, by making the young man raise his arm *contrary* to his wishes. The same process was repeated, all the fluid being directed at the arm, which, after a severe trial, was slowly raised, until it pointed forward like a finger-board. After this, he was made to stand up, in spite of himself. This was the hardest affair of all, the doctor throwing off the fluid in handfuls; the magnetised refusing for some time to budge an inch. At length he suddenly stood up, and seemed to draw his breath like one who finally yields after a strong trial of his physical force.

"Nothing, certainly, is easier than for a young man to sit still and to stand up, pretending that he strives internally to resist the desire to do either. Still if you ask me, if I think this was simple collusion, I hardly know what to answer. It is the easiest solution, and yet it did not strike me as being the true one. I never saw less of the appearance of deception than in the air of this young man; his face, deportment, and acts being those of a person in sober earnest. He made no professions, was extremely modest, and really seemed anxious not to have the experiments tried. To my question, if he resisted the will of M. C—, he answered, as much as he could, and said, that when he rose, he did it because he could not help himself. I confess myself disposed to believe in his sincerity and good faith.

"I had somewhat of a reputation, when a boy, of effecting my objects, by pure dint of teasing. Many is the shilling I have abstracted, in this way, from my mother's purse, who constantly affirmed that it was sore against her will. Now it seems to me, that M. C—, may, very easily, have acquired so much command over a credulous youth, as to cause him to do things of this nature, as he may fancy, against his own will. Signs are the substitutes of words, which of themselves are purely conventional, and, in his case, the flourishing of the fingers are merely so many continued solicitations to get up. When the confirmation of a theory that is already received, and which is doubly attractive by its mysticisms, depends, in some measure, on the result, the experiment becomes still less likely to fail. It is stripping me of all pretensions to be a physiognomist, to believe that this young man was not honest; and I prefer getting over the difficulty in this way. As to the operator himself, he might, or might not be the dupe of his own powers. If the former, I think it would, on the whole, render him the more likely to succeed with his subject.

"After a visit or two, I was considered sufficiently advanced to be scientifically examined. One of the very best of the *somnambules* was employed on the occasion, and every thing being in readiness, she was put to sleep. There was a faith-shaking brevity in this process, which, to say the least, if not fraudulent, was ill-judged. The doctor merely pointed his fingers at her once or twice, looking her intently in the eye, and the woman gaped; this success was followed up by a flourish or two of the hand, and the woman slept; or was magnetised. Now this was hardly sufficient even for my theory of the influence of the imagination. One could have wished the *somnambule* had not been so drowsy. But there she was, with her eyes shut, giving an occasional, hearty gape, and the doctor declared her perfectly fit for service. She retained her seat, however, moved her body, laughed, talked, and, in all other respects, seemed to be precisely the woman she was before he pointed his fingers at her. At first I felt a disposition to manifest that more parade was indispensable to humbugging me (who am not the Pope, you will remember,) but reflection said, the wisest was to affect a little faith, as the surest means of securing more experiments. Moreover, I am not certain, on the whole, that the simplicity of the operation is not in favour of the sincerity of the parties, for, were deception deliberately planned, it would be apt to call in the aid of more mummery, and this, particularly, in a case in which there was probably a stronger desire than usual to make a convert.

"I gave the *somnambule* my hand, and the examination was commenced, forthwith. I was first physically inspected, and the report was highly favourable to the condition of the animal. I had the satisfaction of hearing from this high authority, that the whole machinery of the mere material man was in perfect order, every thing working well and in its proper place. This was a little contrary to my own experience, it is true, but as I had no means of seeing the inte-

rior clock-work of my own frame, like the *somnambule*, had I ventured to raise a doubt, it would have been overturned by the evidence of one who had ocular proofs of what she said, and should, beyond question, have incurred the ridicule of being accounted a *malade imaginaire*.

"Modesty must prevent my recording all that this obliging *somnambule* testified to, on the subject of my *morale*. Her account of the matter was highly satisfactory, and I must have been made of stone, not to credit her and her mysticisms. M. C—— looked at me, again and again, with an air of triumph, as much as to say, 'what do you think of all that now; are you not *really* the noble, honest, virtuous, disinterested, brave creature, she has described you to be?' I can assure you, it required no little self-denial to abstain from becoming a convert to the whole system. As it is very unusual to find a man with a good head, who has not a secret inclination to believe in phrenology, so does he, who is thus purified by the scrutiny of animal magnetism, feel disposed to credit its mysterious influence. Certainly, I might have gaped, in my turn, and commenced the moral and physical dissection of the *somnambule*, whose hand I held, and no one could have given me the lie, for nothing is easier than to speak *ex cathedra*, when one has a monopoly of knowledge.

"Encouraged by this flattering account of my own condition, I begged hard for some more indisputable evidence of the truth of the theory. I carried a stop-watch, and as I had taken an opportunity to push the stop on entering the room, I was particularly desirous that the *somnambule* should tell me the time indicated by its hands, a common test of their powers I had been told; but to this M. C—— objected, referring every thing of this tangible nature to future occasions. In fine, I could get nothing during three or four visits, but pretty positive assertions, expressions of wonder that I should affect to doubt what had been so often and so triumphantly proved to others, accounts physical and moral, like the one of which I had been the subject myself, and which did not admit of either confirmation or refutation, and often repeated declarations, that the time was not distant when, in my own unworthy person, I was to become one of the most powerful magnetisers of the age. All this did very well to amuse, but very little towards convincing; and I was finally promised, that at my next visit, the *somnambule* would be prepared to show her powers in a way that would not admit of cavil.

"I went to the appointed meeting with a good deal of curiosity to learn the issue, and a resolution not to be easily duped. When I presented myself, (I believe it was the fourth visit,) M. C—— gave me a sealed paper, that was not to be opened for several weeks, and which, he said, contained the prediction of an event that was to occur to myself, between the present time and the day set for the opening of the letter, and which the *somnambule* had been enabled to foresee, in consequence of the interest she took in me and mine. With this sealed revelation, then, I was obliged to depart, to await the allotted hour.

"M. C—— had promised to be present at the opening of the seal, but he did not appear. I dealt fairly by him, and the cover was first formally removed, on the evening of the day endorsed on its back, as the one when it would be permitted. The *somnambule* had foretold that, in the intervening time, one of my children would be seriously ill, that I should magnetise it, and that the child would recover. Nothing of the sort had occurred. No one of the family had been ill, I had not attempted to magnetise any one, or even dreamed of it, and of course, the whole prediction was a complete failure.

"To do M. C—— justice, when he heard the result, he manifested surprise rather than any less confident feeling. I was closely questioned, first, as to whether neither of the family had not been ill, and secondly, whether I had not felt a secret desire to magnetise any one of them. To all these interrogatories, truth compelled me to give unqualified negatives. I had hardly thought of the subject during the whole time. As this interview took place at my own house, politeness compelled me to pass the matter off as lightly as possible. There happened to be several ladies present, however, the evening M. C—— called, and, thinking the occasion a good one for him to try his powers on some one besides his regular *somnambules*, I invited him to magnetise any one of the party who might be disposed to submit to the process. To this he made no difficulty, choosing an English female friend as the subject of the experiment. The lady in question raised no objection, and the doctor commenced with great zeal, and with every appearance of faith in his own powers. No effect, however, was produced on this lady, or on one or two more of the party, all of whom obstinately refused even to gape. M. C—— gave the matter up, and soon after took his leave, and thus closed my personal connection with animal magnetism."

Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, &c. 2 vols. Harpers.

THE LAND OF THE PROPHECIES—the regions which Biblical history has consecrated, and classic genius illustrated and adorned—the countries where our race had its birth, and science first had its being—Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, are so rich beyond all others in themes of interest, that, from the days of Herodotus to ours, they have formed the proudest field of the traveller. Most gladly do we welcome this new journeyer in those mystic climes, and we hesitate not to say that his work is one of the most entertaining books of travel that we ever perused. It is said to be written by a private gentleman, a member of the bar of New-York; and its familiar attractiveness convinces us of what we were nearly persuaded before, viz: that your *lay* writers of such occasional works make far more agreeable tourists than professed authors. Having no theory to advance, no link to knit or to brighten in the chain of authorship, they write without any reference to the systems, the prejudices, or partialities of others; and in giving their own unaffected impressions, present objects to their readers precisely in the point of view in which they would strike the majority of mankind. The pages of the work in question contain many admirable instances of these happy effects in writing. There are no borrowed disquisitions—no appointed fits of rapture before celebrated objects that others have apostrophized; but the descriptions are thrown off with a careless ease, a spirited freedom, that savours of any thing rather than book-making.

Our friend Abdel Hasis (such was the name given to the American traveller by the Bedouins of the Desert,) commences his tour at Alexandria in Egypt; ascends the Nile, pauses at Cairo; resumes the river again, passes Memphis; and after examining many of the intermediate places, pitches his tent for a while amid the ruins of Thebes. He then proceeds to the cataracts, and pushes beyond the first one, when he returns on his tracks some days' journey with the intention of striking off into the desert to visit the celebrated Oasis, where the remains of the temple of Jupiter Ammon it is said are still to be seen. He does not advance a day's journey in the desert, however, before he is seized with a severe indisposition, which compels him to return to Thebes, whence he again starts for Cairo in search of medical aid. Being somewhat recruited, he here provides himself with camels, and starts in an opposite direction for the Red Sea. He visits Mount Sinai, passes a night or two in the convent at its base, explores that most solemnly interesting of all earth's places, and then sets out for Gaza, the city of the Philistines. On the route, he changes his mind, and feels himself now sufficiently restored in health to visit the wonderful city of Petra. The adventurous traveller then places himself under the charge of a fresh tribe of wild Arabs, and reaches the borders of Edom. Here he becomes so broken by disease, that the language of Prophecy almost appals him from attempting the passage through. He is so feeble as to be carried reclining on a mattress on the back of a dromedary. Looking the worst in the face, however, he in a manner makes his will, and fearful of trusting even his most tried follower with a document whose value would be increased by the death of his employer, he secretes it among his effects, and, rousing himself from his bed of sickness, mounts an Arabian courser, and pushes on with the wild Bedouins. He reaches Petra, explores that most wonderful of all cities with its temples, tombs, and dwellings, that resemble temples in their vastness and tombs in their gloom—all carved out of the solid rock of the mountain—and passes from the land of Esau to that of Jacob. He comes to the Dead Sea, swims in its bitter waters; and at last, after wandering all over Palestine, fixes himself for some weeks at Jerusalem. Thus

completing the most adventurous and interesting tour that the broad earth affords to the enterprising traveller. The language in which these wanderings are commemorated is throughout fraught with the energetic spirit which prompted them. Many of the descriptions are picturesque in the highest degree, and the narrative is always animated, frequently glowing and eloquent, and withal unaffected and natural throughout. The reader, however, may form his own opinion from the following extracts, which, if we mistake not, will impel him to form a more intimate acquaintance with our friend, Hadji Abdel Hasis.*

GRAND CAIRO.

"The traveller who goes there with the reminiscences of Arabian tales hanging about him, will nowhere see the Cairo of the caliphs; but before arriving there he will have seen a curious and striking spectacle. He will have seen, streaming from the gate among loaded camels and dromedaries, the dashing Turk with his glittering sabre, the wily Greek, the grave Armenian, and the despised Jew, with their long silk robes, their turbans, their solemn beards, and various and striking costumes; he will have seen the harem of more than one rich Turk, eight or ten women on horseback, completely enveloped in large black silk wrappers, perfectly hiding face and person, and preceded by that abomination of the East, a black eunuch; the miserable santon, the Arab saint, with a few scanty rags on his breast and shoulders, the rest of his body perfectly naked; the swarthy Bedouin of the desert, the haughty janizary, with a cocked gun in his hand, dashing furiously through the crowd, and perhaps bearing some bloody mandate of his royal master; and perhaps he will have seen and blushed for his own image, in the person of some beggarly Italian refugee. Entering the gate, guarded by Arab soldiers in a bastard European uniform, he will cross a large square filled with officers and soldiers, surrounded by what are called palaces, but seeing nothing that can interest him, save the house in which the gallant Kleber, the hero of many a bloody field, died ingloriously by the hands of an assassin. Crossing this square, he will plunge into the narrow streets of Cairo. Winding his doubtful and perilous way among tottering and ruined houses, jostled by camels, dromedaries, horses, and donkeys, perhaps he will draw up against a wall, and, thinking of plague, hold his breath and screw himself into nothing, while he allows a corpse to pass, followed by a long train of howling women, dressed in black with masks over their faces; and entering the large wooden gate which shuts in the Frank quarter, for protection against any sudden burst of popular fury, and seating himself in a miserable Italian locanda, he will ask himself, 'Where is the Cairo of the califs, the superb town, the holy city, the delight of the imagination, greatest among the great, whose splendour and opulence made the Prophet smile?'"

A CHAT WITH A PACHA.

"It is the custom of the pacha upon such occasions to send horses from his own stable, and servants from his own household, to wait upon the stranger. At half past three I left my hotel, mounted upon a noble horse, finely caparisoned, with a dashing red cloth saddle, a bridle ornamented with shells, and all the decorations and equipments of a well-mounted Turkish horseman, and, preceded by the janizary, and escorted by the consul, with no small degree of pomp and circumstance I arrived at the gate of the citadel. Passing through a large yard, in which are several buildings connected with the different offices of government, we stopped at the door of the palace, and, dismounting, ascended a broad flight of marble steps to a large or central hall, from which doors opened into the different apartments. There were three recesses fitted up with divans, where officers were lounging, smoking, and taking coffee. The door of the divan, or hall of audience, was open, at which a guard was stationed, and in going up to demand permission to enter, we saw the pacha at the farther end of the room, with four or five Turks standing before him.

"Not being allowed to enter yet, we walked up and down the great hall, among lounging soldiers and officers of all ranks and grades, Turks, Arabs, and beggars, and went out upon the balcony. The view from this embraces the most

* The Pilgrim slave of the good God.

interesting objects in the vicinity of Cairo, and there are few prospects in the world which include so many; the land of Goshen, the Nile, the obelisk at Heliopolis, the tombs of the califs, the pyramids, and the deserts of eternal sands.

"While standing upon the balcony, a janizary came to tell us that the pacha would receive us, or, in other words, that we must come to the pacha. The audience-chamber was a very large room, with a high ceiling—perhaps eighty feet long and thirty high—with arabesque paintings on the wall, and a divan all around. The pacha was sitting near one corner at the extreme end, and had a long and full view of every one who approached him. I too had the same advantage, and in walking up I remarked him as a man about sixty-five, with a long and very white beard, strong features, of a somewhat vulgar cast, a short nose, red face, and rough skin, with an uncommonly fine dark eye, expressing a world of determination and energy. He wore a large turban and a long silk robe, and was smoking a long pipe with an amber mouth-piece. Altogether, he looked the Turk much better than his nominal master the sultan.

"His dragoman, Nubar Bey, was there, and presented me. The pacha took his pipe from his mouth, motioned me to take a seat at his right hand on the divan, and with a courteous manner said I was welcome to Egypt. I told him he would soon have to welcome half the world there; he asked me why; and without meaning to flatter the old Turk, I answered that everybody had a great curiosity to visit that interesting country; that heretofore it had been very difficult to get there, and dangerous to travel in when there: but now the facilities of access were greatly increased, and travelling in Egypt had become so safe under his government, that strangers would soon come with as much confidence as they feel while travelling in Europe; and I had no doubt there would be many Americans among them. He took his pipe from his mouth and bowed. I sipped my coffee with great complacency, perfectly satisfied with the manner in which, for the first time, I had played the courtier to royalty. Knowing his passion for new things, I went on, and told him that he ought to continue his good works, and introduce on the Nile a steamboat from Alexandria to Cairo. He took the pipe from his mouth again, and in the tone of "Let there be light, and there was light," said he had ordered a couple. I knew he was fibbing, and I afterward heard from those through whom he transacted all his business in Europe, that he had never given any such order. Considering that a steamboat was an appropriate weapon in the hands of an American, I followed up my blow by telling him that I had just seen mentioned in a European paper, a project to run steamboats from New-York to Liverpool in twelve or fourteen days. He asked me the distance; I told him, and he said nothing and smoked on. He knew America, and particularly from a circumstance which, I afterward found, had done wonders in giving her a name and character in the East, the visit of Commodore Patterson in the ship Delaware. So far I had taken decidedly the lead in the conversation; but the constant repetition of "Son Altesse" by the dragoman, began to remind me that I was in the presence of royalty, and that it was my duty to speak only when I was spoken to. I waited to give him a chance, and the first question he asked was, as to the rate of speed of the steamboats on our rivers. Remembering an old, crazy, five or six mile an hour boat that I had seen in Alexandria, I was afraid to tell him the whole truth, lest he should not believe me, and did not venture to go higher than fifteen miles an hour; and even then he looked as Ilderim may be supposed to have looked, when the Knight of the Leopard told him of having crossed over a lake like the Dead Sea without wetting his horse's hoofs. I have no doubt, if he ever thought of me afterward, that it was as the lying American; and just at this moment, the party of English coming in, I rose and took my leave. Gibbon says, 'When Persia was governed by the descendants of Sefis, a race of princes whose wanton cruelty often stained their divan, their table, and their bed with the blood of their favourites, there is a saying recorded of a young nobleman, that he never departed from the sultan's presence without satisfying himself whether his head was still on his shoulders.' It was in somewhat of the same spirit that, in passing, one of the Englishmen whispered to me, 'Are you sure of your legs?'"

THE BATHS OF MINYEH.

"On the eighth the wind was as contrary as ever; but between rowing and towing we had managed to crawl up as far as Minyeh. It was the season of the Ramadan, when for thirty days, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the followers of the Prophet are forbidden to eat, drink, or even smoke, or take the bath. My first inquiry was for a bath. It would not be heated or lighted up till

eight o'clock; at eight o'clock I went, and was surprised to find it so large and comfortable. I was not long surprised, however, for I found that no sooner was the sacred prohibition removed, than the Turks and Arabs began to pour in in throngs; they came without any respect of persons, the haughty Turk with his pipe-bearing slave and the poor Arab boatmen; in short, every one who could raise a few paras.

"It was certainly not a very select company, nor over clean, and probably very few Europeans would have stood the thing as I did. My boatmen were all there. They were my servants, said the rais, and were bound to follow me everywhere. As I was a Frank, and as such expected to pay ten times as much as any one else, I had the best place in the bath, at the head of the great reservoir of hot water. My white skin made me a marked object among the swarthy figures lying around me; and half a dozen of the operatives, lank, bony fellows, and perfectly naked, came up and claimed me. They settled it among themselves, however, and gave the preference to a dried-up old man, more than sixty, a perfect living skeleton, who had been more than forty years a scrubber in the bath. He took me through the first process of rubbing with the glove and brush; and having thrown over me a copious ablution of warm water, left me to recover at leisure. I lay on the marble that formed the border of the reservoir, only two or three inches above the surface of the water, into which I put my hand and found it excessively hot; but the old man, satisfied with his exertion in rubbing me, sat on the edge of the reservoir, with his feet and legs hanging in the water, with every appearance of satisfaction. Presently he slid off into the water, and sinking up to his chin, remained so a moment, drew a long breath, and seemed to look around him with a feeling of comfort. I had hardly raised myself on my elbow to look at this phenomenon, before a fine brawny fellow, who had been lying for some time torpid by my side, rose slowly, slid off like a turtle, and continued sinking until he too had immersed himself up to his chin. I expressed to him my astonishment at his ability to endure such heat, but he told me that he was a boatman, had been ten days coming up from Cairo, and was almost frozen, and his only regret was that the water was not much hotter. He had hardly answered me before another and another followed, till all the dark naked figures around me had vanished. By the fitful glimmering of the little lamps, all that I could see was a parcel of shaved heads on the surface of the water, at rest or turning slowly and quietly as on pivots. Most of them seemed to be enjoying it with an air of quiet, dreamy satisfaction; but the man with whom I had spoken first, seemed to be carried beyond the bounds of Mussulman gravity. It operated upon him like a good dinner; it made him loquacious, and he urged me to come in, nay, he even became frolicsome; and, making a heavy surge, threw a large body of the water over the marble on which I was lying. I almost screamed, and started up as if melted lead had been poured upon me; even while standing up it seemed to blister the soles of my feet, and I was obliged to keep up a dancing movement, changing as fast as I could, to the astonishment of the dozing bathers, and the utter consternation of my would-be friend. Roused too much to relapse into the quiet luxury of perspiration, I went into another apartment, of a cooler temperature, where, after remaining in a bath of moderately warm water, I was wrapped up in hot cloths and towels, and conducted into the great chamber. Here I selected a couch, and throwing myself upon it, gave myself up to the operators, who now took charge of me, and well did they sustain the high reputation of a Turkish bath: my arms were gently laid upon my breast, where the knee of a powerful man pressed upon them; my joints were cracked and pulled—back, arms, the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, all visited in succession. I had been shampooed at Smyrna, Constantinople, and Cairo; but who would have thought of being carried to the seventh heaven at the little town of Minyeh? The men who had me in hand were perfect amateurs, enthusiasts, worthy of rubbing the hide of the sultan himself; and the pipe and coffee that followed were worthy too of that same mighty seigneur. The large room was dimly lighted, and turn which way I would, there was a naked body, apparently without a soul, lying torpid, and turned and tumbled at will by a couple of workmen. I had had some fears of the plague; and Paul, though he felt his fears gradually dispelled by the soothing process which he underwent also, to the last continued to keep particularly clear of touching any of them; but I left the bath a different man; all my moral as well as physical strength was roused. I no longer drooped or looked back; and though the wind was still blowing a hurricane in my teeth, I was bent upon Thebes and the Cataracts."

A WOLF FIGHT IN THE CATACOMBS OF SIOUT.

"The mountain is about as far from the city as the river, and the approach to it is by another strong causeway over the same beautiful plain. Leaving our donkeys at its foot, and following the nimble footsteps of my little Arab girl, we climbed by a steep ascent to the first range of tombs. They were the first I had seen, and are but little visited by travellers; and though I afterward saw all that were in Egypt, I still consider these well worth a visit. Of the first we entered, the entrance-chamber was perhaps forty feet square, and adjoining it on the same range were five or six others, of which the entrance-chambers had about the same dimensions. The ceilings were covered with paintings, finished with exquisite taste and delicacy, and in some places fresh as if just executed; and on the walls were hieroglyphics enough to fill volumes. Behind the principal chamber were five or six others nearly as large, with smaller ones on each side, and running back perhaps 150 feet. The back chambers were so dark, and their atmosphere was so unwholesome, that it was unpleasant, and perhaps unsafe, to explore them; if we went in far, there was always a loud rushing noise, and, as Paul suggested, their innermost recesses might now be the abode of wild beasts. Wishing to see what caused the noise, and at the same time to keep out of harm's way, we stationed ourselves near the back door of the entrance-chamber, and I fired my gun within; a stream of fire lighted up the darkness of the sepulchral chamber, and the report went grumbling and roaring into the innermost recesses, rousing their occupants to phrensy. There was a noise like the rushing of a strong wind; the light was dashed from Paul's hand; a soft skinny substance struck against my face; and thousands of bats, wild with fright, came whizzing forth from every part of the tomb to the only avenue of escape. We threw ourselves down, and allowed the ugly frightened birds to pass over us, and then hurried out ourselves. For a moment I felt guilty; the beastly birds, driven to the light of day, were dazzled by the glorious sun, and, flying and whirling blindly about, were dashing themselves against the rocky side of the mountain and falling dead at its base. Cured of all wish to explore very deeply, but at the same time relieved from all fears, we continued going from tomb to tomb, looking at the pictures on the walls, endeavouring to make out the details, admiring the beauty and freshness of the colours, and speculating upon the mysterious hieroglyphics which mocked our feeble knowledge; we were in one of the last when we were startled by a noise different from any we had yet heard, and from the door leading to the dark recesses within, foaming, roaring, and gnashing his teeth, out ran an enormous wolf; close upon his heels, in hot pursuit, came another, and almost at the door of the tomb they grappled, fought, growled fearfully, rolled over, and again the first broke loose and fled; another chase along the side of the mountain, another grapple, a fierce and desperate struggle, and then they rolled over the side, and we lost sight of them. The whole affair had been so sudden, the scene so stirring, and the interest so keen, that Paul and I had stood like statues, our whole souls thrown into our eyes, and following the movements of the furious beasts."

VOYAGING ON THE NILE.

"Man is a gregarious animal. My boatmen always liked to stop where they saw other boats. I remember it was the same on the Ohio and Mississippi. Several years since, when the water was low, I started from Pittsburgh in a flat-bottomed boat, to float down to New-Orleans. There, too, we were in the habit of stopping along the bank at night, or in windy or foggy weather, and the scenes and circumstances were so different that the contrast was most interesting and impressive. Here we moored under the ruins of an ancient temple, there we made fast to the wild trees of an untrodden forest; here we joined half a dozen boats with eight or ten men in each, and they all gathered round a fire, sipped coffee, smoked, and lay down quietly to sleep; there we met the dashing, roaring boys of the West, ripe for fun, frolic, or fight. The race of men 'half horse, half alligator, and t'other half steamboat,' had not yet passed away, and whenever two boats met, these restless rovers must 'do something'—play cards, pitch pennies, fight cocks, set fire to a house, or have a row of some description. Indeed, it always involved a long train of interesting reflections, to compare the stillness and quiet of a journey on this oldest of rivers, with the moving castles and the splashing of paddle-wheels on the great rivers of the New World."

THEBES—THE VIEW OF CARNAC.

"But great and magnificent as was the temple of Luxor, it served but as a portal to the greater Carnac. Standing nearly two miles from Luxor, the whole road to it was lined with rows of sphinxes, each of a solid block of granite. At this end they are broken, and, for the most part, buried under the sand and heaps of rubbish. But, approaching Carnac, they stand entire, still and solemn as when the ancient Egyptian passed between them to worship in the great temple of Ammon. Four grand propylons terminate this avenue of sphinxes, and passing through the last, the scene which presents itself defies description. Belzoni remarks of the ruins of Thebes generally, that he felt as if he was in a city of giants; and no man can look upon the splendid ruins of Carnac, without feeling humbled by the greatness of a people who have passed away for ever. The western entrance, facing the temple of Northern Dair on the opposite side of the river, also approached between two rows of sphinxes, is a magnificent propylon 400 feet long, and 40 feet in thickness. In the language of Dr. Richardson, 'looking forward from the centre of this gateway, the vast scene of havoc and destruction presents itself in all the extent of this immense temple, with its columns, and walls, and immense propylons, all prostrate in one heap of ruins, looking as if the thunder of heaven had smitten it at the command of an insulted God.'

"The field of ruins is about a mile in diameter; the temple itself 1200 feet long and 420 broad. It has twelve principal entrances, each of which is approached through rows of sphinxes, as across the plain from Luxor, and each is composed of propylons, gateways, and other buildings, in themselves larger than most other temples; the sides of some of them are equal to the bases of most of the pyramids, and on each side of many are colossal statues, some sitting, others erect, from 20 to 30 feet in height. In front of the body of the temple is a large court, with an immense colonnade on each side, of 30 columns in length, and through the middle two rows of columns 50 feet in height; then an immense portico, the roof supported by 134 columns, from 26 to 34 feet in circumference. Next were four beautiful obelisks more than 70 feet high, three of which are still standing; and then the sanctuary, consisting of an apartment about 20 feet square, the walls and ceiling of large blocks of highly-polished granite, the ceiling studded with stars on a blue ground, and the walls covered with sculpture and hieroglyphics representing offerings to Osiris, illustrating the mysterious uses of this sacred chamber, and showing the degrading character of the Egyptian worship. Beyond this is another colonnade, and again porticoes and walls to another propylon, at a distance of 2000 feet from the western extremity of the temple."

THE STATUES OF MEMNONS.

"In the afternoon before the day fixed for my departure, I rode by the celebrated Memnons, the Damy and Shamy of the Arabs. Perhaps it was because it was the last time, but I had never before looked upon them with so much interest. Among the mightier monuments of Thebes, her temples and her tombs, I had passed these ancient statues with a comparatively careless eye, scarcely bestowing a thought even upon the vocal Memnon. Now I was in a different mood, and looked upon its still towering form with a feeling of melancholy interest. I stood before it and gazed up at its worn face, its scars and bruises, and my heart warmed to it. It told of exposure, for unknown ages, to the rude assaults of the elements, and the ruder assaults of man. I climbed upon the pedestal—upon the still hardy legs of the Memnon. I pored over a thousand inscriptions in Greek and Latin. A thousand names of strangers from distant lands, who had come like me to do homage to the mighty monuments of Thebes; Greeks and Romans who had been in their graves more than 2000 years, and who had written with their own hands that they had heard the voice of the vocal Memnon. But, alas! the voice has departed from Memnon; the soul has fled, and it stands a gigantic skeleton in a grave of ruins. I returned to my boat, and in ten minutes thereafter, if the vocal Memnon had bellowed in my ears, he could not have waked me."

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

THE AMERICAN LYCEUM.—The Seventh Annual Meeting of this Society will be held this season at Philadelphia, commencing on the 5th of May, and continuing, as usual, through several days. It is probable that in succeeding years other of our principal cities may be chosen for the places of holding the annual meetings, where the Executive Committee will count on the active co-operation of the friends of knowledge and popular improvement, in those places, in their enterprize, which is one of general interest.

From the arrangements made, it is confidently expected that the approaching seventh annual meeting will attract much attention among the friends of knowledge, particularly in Philadelphia and its vicinity. A number of gentlemen in different parts of the Union have been appointed to furnish essays on various subjects, to be read before the Lyceum, which will be published among the proceedings, and distributed as widely in this and other countries as the treasury of the Society will permit. The subjects proposed for discussion by the members present at the annual meeting, are very interesting, particularly that relating to the best manner of appropriating the surplus revenue for the support of common education.

From the active zeal displayed by the Pennsylvania Lyceum, (one of the most efficient branches of the parent society,) it is presumed that the report of their proceedings will present much useful and gratifying information. At the same time, the usual call for communications from literary associations and friends of knowledge, which is made at fixed hours during the sessions, will probably call out a large and valuable amount of statistics.

It is desirable that it should be understood by all persons who may wish to attend the meeting, that friends of education are always cordially welcomed, and invited to take seats as members. The Society has thus far conducted its operations almost without expense to any, except the Executive Committee; and it is not intended to subject to any onerous tax friends who favour them with their presence from a distance. Although a liberal supply of funds is highly desirable, and will enable the Lyceum to put into efficient operation several favourite plans for the general advantage of education in the country, the Executive Committee think it expedient to wait until intelligent and virtuous men shall understand their objects and designs, by seeing them developed, fully believing that sufficient means will hereafter be furnished them.

A Committee of Arrangements in Philadelphia has been appointed to prepare for the approaching annual meeting.

SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN STANDARD LITERATURE.—Hilliard, Gray and Company, of Boston, have issued proposals to publish "Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature," to be edited by Rev. George Ripley.

"The design of this publication is to present a series of translations from the works of several of the most celebrated writers in the higher departments of Ger-

man and French literature. It will have special reference to the three leading divisions of Philosophy, History, and Theology; but will also include writings of a popular character, adapted to interest the great mass of intelligent readers.

"It is intended to give faithful translations of those works which have gained a distinguished reputation, which are entitled, by universal consent, to the name of classic productions, and which may be ranked among the most powerful causes, or the most valuable effects of the great intellectual movement that has characterized a portion of the continent of Europe for the last three quarters of a century. The translations will be accompanied with such original notices, introductory, critical, and biographical, as may be found necessary to adapt them to the wants of our literary public.

"Among the writers, from whom it is proposed to give translations, are Cousin, Benjamin Constant, Jouffroy, and Guizot, in French; and Herder, Schiller, Goëthe, Jacobi, Lessing, Fichte, Schelling, Richter, Novalis, Uhland, Körner, Hölty, Menzel, Neander, Schleiermacher, De Wette, Olshausen, Hase, and Twisten, in German.

"The first two volumes, containing 'Philosophical Miscellanies, from the French of Cousin, Constant, and Jouffroy, with Introductory and Critical Notices,' by the Editor, will be put to press in October next."

A volume, entitled "Select Minor Poems of Goëthe and Schiller," is to be prepared by Rev. J. S. Dwight, (who is very favourably known to the readers of this Magazine by his beautiful and correct translation of "The Song of the Bell" in February number,) assisted by Professors Longfellow and Felton, of Harvard University, and Rev. N. L. Frothingham. Mr. Ripley's plan, which promises to incorporate so much that is truly valuable with our literature, has our warmest wishes for its perfect success.

PUBLISHING IN BOHEMIA.—In the several provincial towns of Bohemia there are fourteen, and in Prague nine printing offices; the most considerable of which is that of Messrs. Haase and Son. It employs 4 machines, one of which produces 2400 impressions in an hour; 12 Stanhope, and 14 ordinary presses, and 124 hands; to which must be added about 80 belonging to the type and stereotype foundry connected with the establishment.

SCHILLER.—An interesting contribution to the biography of Schiller has been published, with the title of "Schiller's Flucht von Stuttgart und Aufenthalt in Mannheim von 1782 bis 1785," from the pen of the late M. Streicher, teacher of music at Vienna, a native of Stuttgart, and a partner in the adventures which he describes. The work is published by his children just as it was found among his papers, and the produce is destined for the subscription to the monument preparing to be erected in memory of Schiller.

RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY AZTALAN.—The Chicago American has received from N. F. HYER, Esq., of Milwaukee, a diagram of these ruins, prepared from actual survey, and publishes it as a statement to be relied on. We quote the account, and copy the diagram from that paper. These ruins form a new and prominent attraction among the many the West affords, and illustrate and confirm some of the theories and opinions of scholars in relation to the early character of the western territory. Much credit is due to the enterprise and taste of those to whom the public is indebted for the knowledge and particulars of this discovery; and affording, as it does, a fine field for the research of the antiquarian, illustrates the importance of those scientific institutions that are form-

ing in this new and comparatively unexplored section of our country, for the development of its mysteries and the record of its discoveries. We are gratified to have our former account and opinion of these ruins thus materially confirmed, and hope that the enterprise and intelligence of our western citizens, operating upon a spacious theatre, rich in wonders, will cause this to be among the first only in a train of discoveries for future record and admiration.

THE CITADEL.

Figure 1 represents the brick Wall, which at the base is 23 feet wide, 4 or 5 feet high, and 84 rods in extent.

2. Buttresses 23 feet wide, and extending beyond the Wall 17 feet.

3. A square Mound or Plain, 15 feet high, and 53 feet square on top.

4. Mound, or elevated Plain, similar to No. 3, except on the top.

(5 refers to a Cellar 3 or 4 feet deep, and 6 to a Stairway, in figure 4, which our engraver found difficult to accurately delineate, and therefore have been left out.)

7 and 8 are parallel ridges of 2 feet in height, including a smooth Plain, or Road, and extending through the interior of the Fort.

9. Square Mound, with high ground leading to the river.

10. Ridge connecting Mounds, or what might have been Towers.

11. Plain, with slight elevation.

12. The termination of a Sewer, about 3 feet below the surface, and arched with stone.

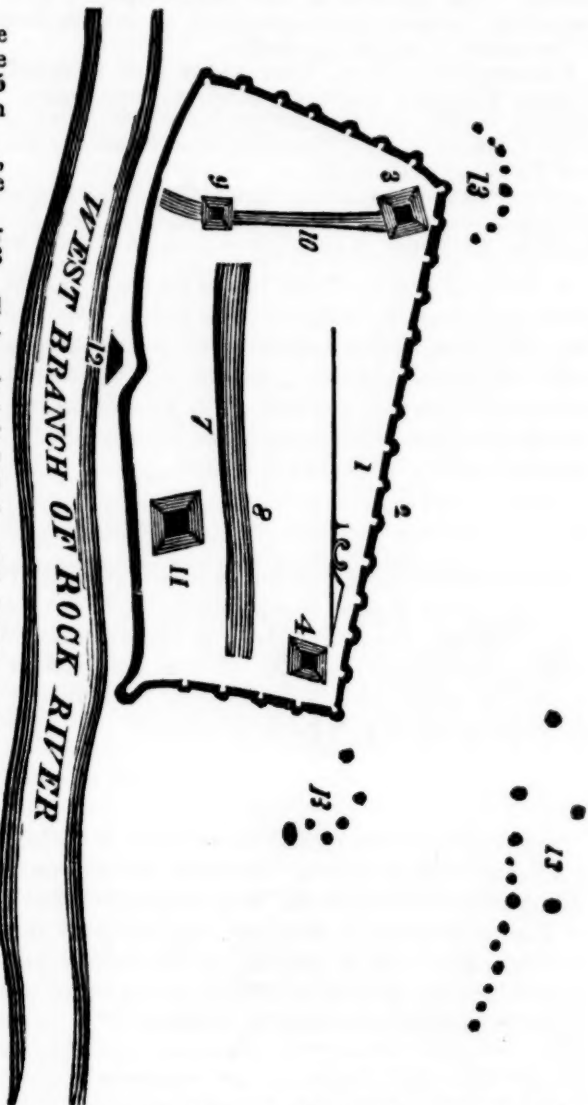
13. Mounds, varying in size from 3 to 25 feet in height, and from 1 1-2 to 15 rods in circumference.

Besides the mounds which appear on the plat, there are many others, of various sizes, to the north-west.

The enclosed diagram is intended to represent the ruins of the citadel as they now appear, together with some of the surrounding mounds, or tumuli; all which is taken from actual survey and measurement.

These ruins are situated in the town of Jefferson, directly west from Milwaukee, on the West side of the West branch of Rock River, township seven North, range fourteen East.

The weather was very tedious when I surveyed these ruins, and the ground being frozen, the examination was not extended so far as I could wish; but I intend to make a more thorough examination in the spring. The walls were



not originally of the width here described, as they would naturally spread out as they crumbled down; and in measuring the width, I have taken an average as it now appears.

There is much here to indicate that this has once been the location of an ancient walled city, of some miles in extent; but as I have not examined it sufficiently to give a definite opinion, I will leave the subject to the examination of the antiquarian and the curious; and to them I would say, that there has recently been a settlement commenced in the vicinity, where they can pursue their researches without the necessity of "camping out."

To the Editor of the Chicago American:

Sir: I see by the papers that you have published a description of the "Ruins of the Ancient City of Aztalan." I have not seen your publication, but suspect that it is not quite correct, for at that time no accurate survey had ever been taken; and I am not aware that any description was ever given but that furnished by me; and that being taken from observation merely, was found on actual survey to be somewhat incorrect, but the description above given can be relied upon.

Respectfully yours, &c.

Milwaukee, Feb. 4, 1837.

N. F. HYER.

NEW RUSSIAN POET.—A new popular poet, named Kolzou, has made his appearance in Russia: he is the son of a cattle-dealer at Woronesch, and now twenty-six years old. His poetic talent, which he every where displayed in the stippes and in the markets, was developed in consequence of Dmitrijeff's Poems having accidentally fallen into his hands. A small volume of Kolzow's Poems was published at Moskow about the end of 1835.

EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.—The number of Academical institutions in Russia, which are under the direction of the ministry for public instruction, amounted in April last to 1663; of these 400 have been founded by the present Emperor since his accession to the throne. In the years 1833-1835, 213 were established; and among them the Wladimir University at Kiew. The number of scholars at the public schools increases at the rate of 6000 annually.

FRENCH NOVELS.—The year 1835 gave birth to 177 new novels in France, and only 11 of these were translations. The number of authors in this line amounted to 144; of these 54 were debutants; 27 were females—being about one-fifth of the whole. The most celebrated names in the list were Alfred de Vigny, Balzac, and George Sand. The same year brought forth 299 poetical works, among which Victor Hugo's deserve particular distinction. The drama was not less fertile, as 151 new pieces were represented. Eugene Scribe continued to be the most prolific writer in this department.

MATERIALS FOR AMERICAN HISTORY.—M. Henri Ternaux, whose collections concerning, and knowledge of, the early history and literature of Spain and America are well known, and who has lately published a bibliographical cata-

logue of works relating to America from its first discovery to the year 1700, is now publishing a series of French translations of the earlier works on America. Three volumes are just published, containing the Narration of Nicholas Federmann of Ulne, from the edition of 1557; the History of the Province of Santa Cruz, (Brazil,) by Pedro de Magelheurs de Gaudaro, from the Lisbon edition of 1576; and the Relation of Hans Staden, of Hamburg in Hesse, from the German edition of 1557.

Three other volumes are in the press, which will contain the History of the Conquest of Peru and Cusco, by F. Heres, the secretary of Pizarro; the Voyage of Ulrick Schmidel, of Strasburg, to Brazil and the Rio de la Plata; and the Expedition of Don Alvar Nunez Cabeça de Vaca, from the edition of 1555, printed at Valladolid.

PARISIAN PERIODICALS.—It has been calculated that no less than five millions of francs have been lost in Paris since 1830, by unsuccessful attempts to establish periodical works. As the booksellers have learned prudence from experience, they seldom have any concern in such undertakings; so that this loss has mostly fallen upon shareholders, though it is true that many an author, who hoped to secure the editorship, has sacrificed the whole of his little property in them.

M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND has sold to a joint-stock society the copy-right not only of his collective books, which have already been published, but of all that he shall hereafter write. These consist of his Memoirs, the manuscript of which is deposited with M. Cahœuel, notary of the society, and will form 10 or 12 volumes 8vo., but may be extended by supplementary matter, which the author intends adding, to from 16 to 20. These memoirs are not to be made public during the lifetime of the author without his consent. He has also engaged to furnish an historical work in 4 volumes 8vo., concerning the epoch of the Congress of Verona, and the Spanish War in 1823, which he is to deliver not later than the year 1840, to be then published.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—M. Ancillon, the Prussian Minister, has written to Count Molé, assuring him that Prussia will second the efforts of the French Ministry to prevent the piracy of the productions of the French press. This communication has produced a very agreeable impression at Paris.

PRINCE PUCKLER-MUSKAU.—A continuation of this writer's Travels has just appeared, with the title of "Semilasso in Africa," in five volumes, with an Atlas containing seven plates. It is wholly occupied with Algiers and Tunis.